KS BY AGNES ROTHERY

BIOGRAPHY

Family Album

JUVENILES

South American Roundabout
Washington Roundabout

ESSAYS AND TRAVEL

The Ports of British Columbia
Vancouver and Victoria
Virginia, The New Dominion
Norway, Changing and Changeless
Denmark, Kingdom of Reason
Finland, The New Nation
Sweden, The Land and the People
Images of Earth: Guatemala
Our Common Road
The House of Friendship
A Garden Rosary
The Romantic Shore
Cape Cod, New and Old
The Old Coast Road from Boston to Plymouth
New Roads in Old Virginia
Central America and the Spanish Main
South America, The West Coast and the East

NOVELS

The House by the Windmill
The High Altar
Into What Port?

A PLAY

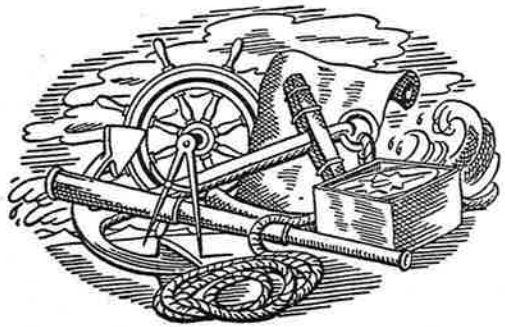
Miss Coolidge

THE PORTS OF British Columbia

By

AGNES ROTHERY

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS



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Margery Wade

PART I

Vancouver and Today

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Vancouver City Coll. Lib.

CHAPTER I

The City

MOUNTAINS—with their peaks and crests and tumbled masses leaping down into the water.

A harbour—a hundred miles around its edge, completely surrounded by those mountains, save at the Narrows, where an airy, single-span bridge completes the frame.

And up and down the slopes, along the shore looking over the deep, protected water, Vancouver—one of the most superbly situated cities on the globe. Rejoicing as a strong man to run a race, Vancouver is posed upon an incomparable vantage ground.

At its back crowd and press the resources of all Canada, with railroads bringing them to its feet. Before its face beckons the Orient, which must be in the future, as it has been in the past, its direct and omnivorous customer. Into its outstretched right hand and into its left pour the riches of British Columbia: riches from the forests above the

ground and mines below the ground; riches from the sea and all that in it is.

To run a race . . .

For although Vancouver counts its population at 372,000; although it has skyscrapers, airports, shipyards, docks, piers, and warehouses, industrial plants, storage plants, and grain elevators; although it is the third-largest city in Canada, it has hardly more than rubbed its eyes, yawned, stretched, and considered the racecourse. Vancouver is an infant among cities. It is not sixty years old.

British Columbia regards its chief metropolis with pride. In fact, almost half of the population of the province chooses to live within a twenty-five-mile radius of it. People and products from all western Canada gravitate to this market centre, business centre, shopping and social centre. Prairie folk from central Canada come for their holidays to this climate where the winters are so mild that at Christmastime roses are seen as often as snow, and in the summer a fire on the hearth is more usual than a fan. Eastern Canada is inclined to patronize it as a pioneer settlement. The Maritime Provinces, being three thousand odd miles distant, think of British Columbia in general and Vancouver in particular as too far away to bother about. People in the United States inquire vaguely what is the difference between Vancouver City and Vancouver Island.

The infant city itself does not realize its own potential power any more than the infant Hercules lying in his

cradle and tentatively thrusting out baby hands to grasp the serpent.

Neither those who are too near to it nor those who are too far from it can fully appreciate that potential power. But a stranger coming without prejudice and staying long enough to look and learn and feel is almost stunned.

Strategic location, accessible natural resources, and a population of stamina and intelligence are so combined that he literally can see the leaping forces of progress.

To run a race . . .

The swiftness of that race cannot be prophesied, and the goal Vancouver may reach tomorrow is a matter of exciting speculation.

However, it is equally exciting to consider this spectacular seaport, this mighty railroad terminus, this clearing-house of lumber, fish, fur, metals, and minerals, this melting pot of forty-one different nationalities as it is today.

Today, from a distance or from a great height, Vancouver looks beautiful. At night when it is outlined by a million lights it looks beautiful. In the morning when it is half obscured by mists it looks beautiful. But when one first sees it, in bald daylight and at close quarters, it is ugly.

Difficult as it has been to achieve this, in the midst of such an unparalleled natural setting, the people of Vancouver have accomplished it. Instead of encircling their mountainsides with roads, which not only would have enhanced the topography but would also have eased ascent

and descent, they have superimposed a chequerboard system of streets that lie in unsightly gashes up and down the hillsides. The few tall office buildings and big business blocks which are beginning to pattern a skyline are, with few exceptions, without distinction. They have neither the dignity of the classical nor the streamlined clarity of the modernistic. They are just big buildings, some plain, some ornamented, some reminiscent of something else, but with no relation to their background or to one another.

And even while superciliously appraising its present appearance the critic is seduced by the masculine genuineness of the place. Even while ignorant of the characters—those dead and those now living—whose lives have merged into the general life, he feels the energy and colour of that general life which is the personality of a place. He feels a surge, a heartbeat, a pulse that is irresistible. The young man who is about to run a race may need a little barbering, but his eyes are clear and steady, and was there ever, anywhere, a friendlier smile or a more generous handshake?

The long, crooked arm of water which is Burrard Inlet so divides Vancouver, and the harbours, bays, coves, and beaches so complicate the water front, that the stranger, map or no map, finds difficulty in immediately disentangling Vancouver from West Vancouver and North Vancouver and South Vancouver and Burnaby. But whether he enters the city by boat or by the Canadian

Pacific Railway, he finds himself at the foot of Granville Street, which ascends straight as an arrow, channel-like, between shops and banks and restaurants. Tramcars crash up and crash down this already far-too-narrow artery of fashion and commerce, and men in easy tweeds, and tall hatless girls, and soldiers in khaki, and young mammas in shorts wheeling prams, and grandmammas in slacks carrying shopping bags crowd the sidewalks—none of them exactly hurrying but none of them exactly sauntering. The tempo is animated but not feverish, and men and women alike conform to it with rhythmic stride.

Those going up Granville Street can see on the left the substantial banks and the square, white mass which is the Hudson's Bay Company, and on the right the Italian Renaissance pile which was the beloved old Vancouver Hotel and is now turned over to war uses, and beyond it the château roof and cupola of the new and magnificent Vancouver Hotel.

Those coming down Granville Street see directly before them the theatrical backdrop of Grouse Mountain—sometimes green, sometimes blue, and sometimes misty grey, but always dramatic as it rises six thousand feet from the water and limns its snowy silhouette against the sky.

In fact, from almost any street or avenue or boulevard one sees mountains and bridges and islands and promontories, so interlaced with waterways is this vast and tilted area. Every height and every corner and every section has

its special and spectacular outlook, but, however proud each householder or apartment dweller may be of his own view, every true Vancouverite glances with affection at the Lions. For these twin peaks—their profiled, couchant forms directly behind one another—are regarded not only as the characteristic landmark of the city but as its peculiar guardians.

It is the custom of native sons and daughters—and a custom unconsciously acquired by whoever stays in Vancouver for an extended period—to glance up in the morning to see if the Lions are visible through the lifting fog; to make sure when the sun has burned the fog away that the imperial beasts have not stirred; to take a look at them in the evening when the flaming sunset holds a tapestry behind their solemn forms. As long as the Lions are there Vancouver is all right.

As for the Lions, who assumed their dignified positions in the geologic past—it is easy to imagine that they look down with pontifical approval upon the city that once nestled at their feet and now extends more than ten miles in one direction and more than seven miles in another.

They look down over Burrard Inlet and English Bay; over the Strait of Georgia and the North Arm of the Fraser River; over the bridges and ferries which unite the miles which the waterways sever; over the chequerboard of streets and the thousands of crowding roofs. They look down on the swarming, tiny human beings, and the parks

and golf links, and the shuttling buses and trams and motorcars. They see the swarm augmented year by year and the streets pushing further and further out, and every year more millions of lights twinkling in windows and outlining more streets, until Greater Vancouver seems like some brightly starred bit of the empyrean inverted and fallen upon the mountainsides.

The Lions get a fine view of it all, but not so intimate a view as those who thread the streets on foot—the method which, despite all modern inventions, remains the best way to see and become acquainted with any city.

For how else than on foot can one see the myriad details which make Vancouver so like an American city, with the same magazines, the same syndicated columnists and cartoonists in the newspapers, the same Carnegie Library, the same ten-cent stores, the same movies, the same popular songs, the same ice-cream cones, the same tobaccos, and the same trade-marked products, from cosmetics to vacuum cleaners, in the shop windows?

How else can one see those other details which are reminders of the British tradition and allegiance? The loyally displayed photographs of the King and Queen, the frequent use of "chemist" instead of "druggist," "barrister" instead of "lawyer," "Ltd." instead of "Inc."? Names like Balmoral, London, York, Duke, and Devon, Prince and Princess, Albert and Victoria are scattered freely over hotels and schools and parks and hospitals, and even the

name of Albion is evoked for trade purposes. The shops display English china for the housewife, English tweeds and togs and soaps and brushes and shoes for the men, knit suits for the kiddies. In needlework shops sofa pillows and tapestries depict distortions of Anne Hathaway's cottage, Tower Bridge, Buckingham Palace, and the Old Curiosity Shop. Tearooms offer crumpets and scones; candy shops offer toffee.

And how else can one see the details which make Vancouver neither American nor British, but stoutly Canadian? For in other shop windows nearer the water front are axes, single-bitted and double-bitted, screw jacks and pump jacks, wedges and sledge hammers, seven-foot saws, logging boots with calks, dungaree trousers, oilskins, heavy gloves and mittens for handling ropes or lumber, and every imaginable type of fishing tackle and boat gear and ship supplies. For today, as yesterday, the wealth of Vancouver flows in from its loggers and miners and fishermen.

Characteristic of this new city are the story-and-a-half frame houses built when Vancouver was young—fifty years ago—standing on streets which are now bustling, modern thoroughfares, and vacant lots in the heart of the business sections which await the canny investor in real estate. Some of the frame houses have assumed false fronts and been converted into small specialty or antique shops—forerunners of a not-too-distant day when Howe Street will be another Madison Avenue.

These things are neither British nor American but are distinctive of British Columbia's largest city, as are the clean breezes which sweep down the streets, as are the stature and energy and good looks and good humour of the people, and the generous abundance of infants, babies, toddlers, and youngsters, and, alas, in this wartime, the absence of young men—except those in uniform—and the prevalence of the middle-aged and old.

Not only the men but plenty of the women are in uniform, and, if a great many women are in trousers of one sort or another, a goodly number of men are in plaid kilts just to even it up. However, nature refuses to be camouflaged, so that a man in kilts looks very manly indeed and a woman in trousers undeniably womanish.

The girls out of uniform as well as those in it are the strapping, straightforward type of a new and healthful country, frequently with rich red-brown hair which springs galvanic from their hatless heads.

The glossy horses—more every day as the motorcars become fewer every day—and the well-behaved dogs are Canadian, too. So is an Animal Beauty Parlour for pets in a fashionable district, and a Free Animal Clinic in a less fashionable one, and, in Capilano Park, the fountain with a basin of water for dogs with the hospitable sign "Drinks on the House."

Canadian is the mixture of English and American terms —"whilst" and "while" appearing in the same sentence in

tramcar notices—and American and British slang in the same breath, and an uncompromising Western *rrr* burring through the same spoken sentence that contains the British pronunciation of "lieutenant."

Yes, walking around Vancouver is a good way to get a general impression; and the tourist who is not too haughty can amplify this impression if he will deign to climb into a unique sight-seeing car, very like a gaudy circus chariot in its red paint and gold and cream decorations, with the Union Jack and Old Glory streaming from its scarlet flagstaffs in front. This amazing contraption runs on the car tracks through the main streets of the city and into and out of the suburbs—swaying and clanking up- and downhill, past residences, hospitals, country clubs, beaches and libraries and banks, honking its highly individual honk as it passes cars and buses, and receiving a jocular honk in return.

Although these cars must stay on the regular car tracks and must skirt the carless sections, such as Chinatown or certain fashionable heights or exclusive purlieus, they are invariably crammed with their half a hundred passengers. If some of these were stiffly self-conscious when they clambered up the steps and perched themselves conspicuously on seats under white arches studded with electric lights, they must be frozenhearted indeed if they do not thaw out during their rollicking progress. The conductor who shouts information and wisecracks above the slam and

bang is a Vancouver institution. The photographer who clicks off a snapshot from a rooftop and whoops a farewell, the children who rush out to stand on the street corners and sing and receive pennies, and those other children who are doubtless forbidden to sing for pennies but who stand on the corners too and wave kisses; the dogs that bark, the pedestrians who wave, the passing motorists who toot a how-de-do, all contribute to the general hilarity. Yes, this is another way to see Vancouver, and by no means a bad one, once you have made up your mind that it is a circus and you are one of the strange animals on display.

Still another way to see Vancouver is to go outside of it, for parks and beaches lie so close to the centre of town that they are easily reached on foot, and mountains for climbing in summer and skiing in winter are only half an hour distant, while islands where sailing parties can picnic or boatloads of excursionists can dance are dotted everywhere.

Stanley Park, a thousand-acre promontory, threaded by woodland trails, lovers' lanes, bridle paths, and motor thoroughfares, indented by beaches, and pierced by lagoon, lake, duck pond, and reservoir, lies at the immediate gateway of the city. But although it is so accessible and so constantly frequented by picnickers and bathers, cricketers, golfers, tennis players, and bowlers, it is so large that on summer Sundays when twenty thousand people gather

to listen to outdoor afternoon concerts, or, on weekday evenings, to see the plays and operas given in the Marion Malkin Memorial Shell, it is not overcrowded.

There is plenty of room for the rose gardens, with their half a thousand varieties of roses; for the Shakespearean and sunken gardens; for the zoo and the Pavilion, with its restaurant. Plenty of room for monuments to Pauline Johnson, the Indian poetess, to Queen Victoria, to Robert Burns, to Warren G. Harding, the first President of the United States to visit Canada, and who made Vancouver his only stop on his way back from Alaska. Plenty of room for children to paddle or sail their toy boats in the protected pool, while their mothers and grandmothers, and possibly their great-grandmothers—all of them brown as Indians and in the briefest of playsuits in this climate where the people as well as the season seem forever fresh—lie on the grass in the sun, or sprawl on the barnacled rock by the water's edge, while the little waves slap at their feet, and the gulls cry and circle overhead, and the white-sailed pleasure boats skim by—wind being a commodity not yet rationed.

The sweet, salty smell of the sea—that aroma which no perfumer has ever been able to capture or duplicate and which is an elixir to those who love it—freshens the beaches and mingles with the scent of the forest.

It is everyone's park.

In one place there is a huge chequerboard marked on the

ground, and it is never too early or too late to see a group of players absorbedly pushing their big chequers from square to square. Amateur photographers are taking snapshots of Lumbermen's Arch and the immense cedars—forty or fifty feet in circumference—of the cluster of carved and painted totem poles, and of Siwash Rock—that curious monolith which juts above the waters of English Bay holding, it is difficult to ascertain how, on its bare crest a solitary, slanting tree.

Siwash Rock has not changed since the days of Indian legend, but the nine o'clock gun—the only one of its kind in Canada—has, since the war, submitted to altered conditions. Since 1894, when the Dominion Government established it as an official timepiece, it has fired many thousands of rounds of ammunition, by electrical transmission from the lighthousekeeper's house on Brockton Point. Every day at 11:00 A.M. its time was checked with the Meteorological Bureau in Toronto, and every night at nine o'clock its curfew boomed. It could be heard forty miles away, and people who have heard it all their lives still automatically pause at nine to listen and glance at their watches, and then remember that this is wartime and munitions must be used for other purposes.

Stanley Park does, quite literally, fulfill the purpose which Lord Stanley expressed when, in 1889, he dedicated it to people of all colours, creeds, and customs for all time. It is not unusual to see visitors examining the rosebushes

and solicitously removing a bug or a dead leaf, quite as if they were strolling in their own gardens. As for the prohibition of walking on the grass—no one ever heard of such a thing.

Stanley Park will always be the popular recreation ground for Vancouver, and so will Capilano Canyon, with its river and park. The Capilano River, clear and swift, winds between green banks where the shadow lies dark on the ferny floor and the sunlight is caught in the upper branches of the trees. It winds between bare rock where traces of Indian writing may still be seen. Over it sways a suspension bridge, two hundred and ten feet above the water, and around it lie glades where the salal catches the glint of the sun and Douglas firs rise two hundred feet straight into the sky. Up its rapids, salmon leap.

The many shades of green and the swaying of the filament-like bridge beneath one's feet suggest a scene under the water. The misty canopy of the vine maple and the great size of the soft-maple leaves create a tropical air. The balminess of the temperature and the lushness of growth are due to the Japan Current, which so warms this coast that it is never colder than ten above zero, and ferns are green throughout the winter and grow to immense size—astonishing to strangers who expect this Northwest land to be stern and chilly. Even in winter snow falls meagrely—if it falls at all—and the rain is so mild that no one thinks of altering plans for it. In the rainy season people dress

for rain and then go on their way without comment.

The space, the height, the freedom, the unsullied air of Capilano River, Park, and Canyon are reflected in the open faces and quiet manners of the city dwellers who find here a perfect playground—wild enough to be refreshing, near enough to be accessible.

This whole region on the westerly side of North Vancouver, across Burrard Inlet, is most attractive. The older settlements that are tucked in along sheltered coves and beaches are like villages in Cornwall. The newer Capilano Estates on the heights are somewhat on the Riviera pattern, with roads that curve around the mountainsides, and houses with many windows and terraces and gardens—a model which everyone who loves beauty must hope will be studied by future local builders and landscape architects.

Wherever one drives or walks there are flower gardens where people are working over their roses and fuchsias and hydrangeas. There are small private beaches with a boat or two and a few bathers. There are large public beaches crowded with brown-legged swimmers and with fishing boats which the sportsman may hire. For to sail or swim is as much a part of living for Vancouverites as to walk or drive, and even the humblest man may own a boat of sorts, and even the poorest child may find a place to splash and dive.

To see Vancouver one must see its astonishingly well-

behaved holidaymakers, who get along very nicely without Sunday newspapers or Sunday beer parlours. To fill out a general impression of the city one must go outside it.

There is one more small piece which is amusing to fit into that sprawling picture puzzle which, when completed, presents the portrait of Vancouver. This requires no locomotion by bus or boat or car or even foot, but can be done sitting comfortably in one's hotel and reading those columns of the newspaper which list employment or employees wanted.

"Prairie girl wants work in store, factory, or café" is a reminder that Vancouver, with its mountains, is the mecca for boys and girls from the flat fields of Alberta and Saskatchewan. The Chinese employment bureau, listing cooks and gardeners and houseboys, is a reminder from quite the opposite point of the compass.

Not only are the prairies and the Orient thus briefly noted, but so are an astonishing number of representatives from a realm which lies neither east nor west but floats nebulously in the ether. For such an array of teacup readers, clairvoyants, palmists, astrologers, and "truthful readers" offer their services to heal broken hearts and clarify confused minds that surely there need be no misfortune in all British Columbia. Furthermore, Chinese herbalists guarantee to cure not only specified ailments but some go so far as to guarantee remedies "for all diseases." No wonder Vancouverites look so healthy!

These notices may be different from those in the daily papers at home, but at least they are comprehensible. Not so the cryptic urging that splittermen and kneebolters, muckers and nippers, swampers, fallers, and boommen should apply at such and such an address. And what in the world is a ripsaw feeder or a chokerman or a hook tender? What manner of person is a sticker feeder, a bull cook, or a whistle punk?

We blink and reread the words carefully. There is no doubt about it. We are in a place as different from New York or Chicago or Los Angeles as chalk is from cheese.

The next night we turn again to the "wanted" column. Possibly those first notices were typographical errors. Not at all. Muckers and swampers are still in demand, and so are rigging slingers, tie-up men, high riggers, doggermen, and jackhammer men.

Here is matter for meditation. Can it be that unawares we have passed a doggerman or a rigging slinger on the streets? If so, which was he, or it, or them? As for the jackhammer man—doubtless some kind of Jack the Ripper—we are lucky to have escaped with our throats unslit.

The third night we seize the paper and turn instantly to the "wanted" column—accustomed now to the once totally unfamiliar terms, although still ignorant of their meaning—and are properly horrified:

"Wanted: a cat chaser."

A cat chaser? Visions of a spry figure chasing cats up

and down alleys flickers momentarily before the printed words. Can a city compassionate enough to maintain a free animal clinic tolerate cat chasers scampering over its rooftops and back-yard fences? Can the same newspapers which cajolingly announce: "Forlorn little kitten with white mittens left in bush by herself, would like cozy home where someone will love her" brazenly offer employment to a cat chaser?

Further perusal of the column brings fresh confirmation of nefarious traffic. Not only will a cat chaser receive good wages, but a chaser—just as chaser with no qualifying restrictions—is urgently needed. What will this enigmatic person pursue? Dogs as well as cats? Rats and cockroaches? The newts and frogs for the astrologers and fortunetellers to make into their secret brew?

This is a matter to be investigated. Perhaps it will be just as well to have a look at the Lions and make sure they have not been chased from their imperial perch. No—there they are, awake or asleep it is hard to say, for they are motionless. Motionless, but not unmindful of the city far below them, with its streets and bridges, its cars and ferries, its buildings and gardens, its docks and shops and parks and airports, its men and women, and its hourly increasing cribfuls and cradlefuls of babies . . . far below them, unfolding, developing, growing under their guardianship like some phenomenal paper flower unfolding in a gigantic bowl of light.

CHAPTER II

The Harbour

VANCOUVER is more than a city with tall buildings, more than a pleasure ground with parks and beaches.

It is a mighty seaport, with its outer and inner harbour the largest in Canada, with a shore line of 98.2 miles, and with depth sufficient for the largest vessels in the world to come directly to their docks without the aid of tugs. Sheltered by encircling mountains, its entrance channel protected by the First Narrows, it has direct access to the Pacific Ocean through the Strait of Georgia and Juan de Fuca.

At any hour, at any season, the entrance to the harbour is majestic, with the mountains folding back and back, the visible miles only a hint of those immense distances beyond, which are as yet untrodden—even undiscovered—veiled in the mystery of a still inviolate land.

At any hour, at any season, the scene is one of colour

and animation, with deep-sea craft, coastwise craft, steamers, freighters, tugs, fishing boats, ferries, and even an occasional five-masted schooner passing in or moving out. The promontory of Stanley Park is dark green, with its tall trees parting to reveal the lighter green of the grass beneath. The lighthouses are red and white. The figures and cars moving over the delicately wrought Lions Gate Bridge are like beads slipping along a suspended thread.

At any hour of any season there is the hoot of the steamboats, the clang of bells, the whimper of gulls, and the puff and whistle of the distant railroad locomotive.

From a distance the shore line is pointed up by the tall Marine Building. As one comes nearer it is possible to distinguish the bulky Immigration Building, the railway station and docks of the Canadian Pacific. Grain elevators, canneries, storage tanks, jetties, and the skeleton of an iron hull crisscrossed with scaffolding upon the ways of a shipyard are marked against the sky. Cranes swing out, smoke rises from the chimneys.

From the harbour the mountains, hills, and valleys roll to the United States on the south and to Alaska on the north.

Its waters mingle with those of the bays and straits; mingle with those of the more distant channels which, in their turn, receive the currents from a thousand fiords—so twisting and so numerous that some of them have never

been mapped. The tide carries the waters further eastward, and they become part of the vast Pacific.

Thus the harbour is a focal point in one of the most immense landscapes and seascapes on the globe. It is easy to understand why, before the war, the heaviest charterers of vessels of that globe were in Vancouver.

In those days the graceful white Empress fleet sailed from here to the Orient and sailed back again, with passengers and silk and tea and porcelain. In 1941 more than twenty thousand vessels (28,351) entered this harbour. In 1939 nearly six hundred thousand passengers were listed as incoming and practically the same number as outgoing. Yearly imports of 4,631,231 tons were unloaded.

An average deep-sea ship was worth $6500 to the port for stevedoring, bunkering, etc. Ship repairs ran to half a million a year, and there was the added indirect revenue from crew and the staff that lived at the port, to say nothing of the passengers (to whom $10,000 worth of flowers were given in one year).

This was the situation before the war.

Now there are no longer luxury liners plying between Vancouver and the Orient. Animated as the harbour still appears, the dancing pleasure craft are fewer, with their young owners in the service and their older ones busy with war duties ashore.

Normal shipbuilding and normal passenger transportation are practically at a standstill. All shipbuilding is under

the direction of Wartime Merchant Shipping, Ltd., a government-controlled corporation whose business is the formation and management of Canada's ship enterprise. From old shipyards and new comes, twenty-four hours a day, the rat-tat-tat of riveting, the sputter and hiss of welding torches, the sound of sawing, the vibration of hammering.

In this climate where men can work outdoors the year around, thousands of them are hurrying to and from carpenter shop, blacksmith shop, machine shop, office, and dry dock. Modern skills augment immemorial crafts. A spar sixty-five feet long, such as used to take six men four days to make, is turned out under a lathe in two hours. From a compressed-air building, machinery carries fresh vitalizing air to each room and shop. Watchmen guard every inch of the area every minute. Salt-water pumps for fire protection are in constant readiness.

For the Pacific coast has been called on to perform the major part of Canada's shipbuilding, and most of this activity is centered in Vancouver, where four of British Columbia's six largest shipyards are located. Freighters are needed to replace Britain's sea losses, and the Vancouver yards are building one hundred steel cargo carriers of 10,000 tons—building them three and four at a time and striving to finish them in record time.

The echo of this terrific excitement resounds in stimulated activity in the city. Subcontracts for engines, boilers, windlasses, are being carried out. A dozen or more

well-equipped engineering plants, metalworking organizations, and machine shops are going top speed. Most of the steel is being shipped from the East, but many of the raw materials needed in the construction of ships—especially lumber—are abundant and near at hand.

Neither is there any shortage of labour, as men from the prairies come crowding in to take their eight-hour shifts and to occupy the newly constructed houses—stark little houses near the shipyards, on bare ground from which the trees, which might have given shade and beauty and camouflage, have, following Vancouver's ruthless habit, been slashed down without mercy or discrimination.

The picture has changed since the years when $10,000 worth of flowers was given by luxury liners in a twelvemonth.

It has changed since half a century ago, when the first wooden ships in British Columbia were built here. It has changed from the boom period after the last war, when British Columbia built twenty-one wooden schooners, sixty-nine wooden steamers, forty-five steel freighters—a grand total of 135 vessels, of nearly 500,000 tonnage, at a cost of nearly ninety million dollars. It has changed from the lagging period which succeeded the boom.

Canada has at last recognized the practical and strategic advantages of having a fully geared and steady shipbuilding industry on the west coast. Vancouver hopes that, after this war is over, the shipyards will be permanent

institutions rather than haphazard developments depending upon emergency orders.

The war, which has altered and quickened the activity in the shipyards, has inevitably changed the character and volume of the goods piled on the docks and piers and stored in warehouses. Imports and exports are still passing through the harbour of Vancouver—and, in a world in dire need of food and raw materials, their value is more carefully estimated than ever before.

In the vast warehouses, waiting for shipment, are fish—canned, frozen, cured, and salted, and reduced to fish oil and fish meal; milk canned and milk concentrated; lumber, logs, poles, piles, laths, paper, and pulp; lead, zinc, scrap metal, and chemical fertilizers.

Up to the docks come citrus fruits from California and the West Indies, and from Texas oyster shells for those chickens whose eggs will go to England; dried fruit from Australia, corn from South Africa, salt from Utah, sugar from the West Indies, crude oil from California, rice from China and Siam, and tin plate from Wales. Those greasy hanks of wool sticking out from tightly wired bales are from New Zealand. That firebrick is from Scotland, brought over as dead-weight cargo.

Even in wartime these basic commodities are exported and imported. Even in wartime storage houses and warehouses are crammed. As for the seven grain elevators whose bold, functional forms make a handsome pattern

along the shore—they are bursting with the rich, hard wheat brought thousands of miles from the prairies.

To see this grain coming in and being handled is like watching a speeded-up and colossal moving picture.

Each car is brought into a shed to be inspected and graded and is halted over a grating which is, in turn, over a pit. In twenty minutes the grain is shoveled out of the car and goes down into the pit, from which it is moved on belts to a conveyer which scoops and carries it up two hundred feet. In four minutes a thousand bushels can be thus lifted, and dropped from the conveyers into weighing machines—each machine huge enough to weigh seventy-five tons and yet so delicate that it can register five pounds with absolute accuracy. For the prairie farmer insists upon meticulous payment for every handful of his precious product.

After being weighed, it is cleaned by a cunning contrivance of sieves and wheels which separate the barley, oats, buckwheat, mustard seed, and rye—also the field mice and nails and stones and weed tops and chunks of wood from it all. Finally, weighed and cleaned, it is whirled on rubber belts to bins each holding 25,000 bushels, and there are as many as fifty-six such bins in one grain elevator. From this storage it is poured into the holds of ships through spouts swung out on cranes. This method of bulk shipment, by which approximately 20,000,000 bushels are shipped in a year, did not start until 1921. The

first grain shipment, in 1909, was 50,000 bushels in bags.

For centuries wheat has been man's mainstay. But never before in his history has it been so swiftly and cleanly handled and scrupulously weighed. And never before has man been in such need of this food.

These mighty grain elevators are a far cry from the garnering and thrashing floors of Biblical days. The wheat itself—hard and uniform, and growing more than twenty-eight bushels to the acre—is a far cry from that which the men of Boaz reaped, and which Ruth gleaned between the sheaves.

Only the fat pigeons which sit upon the sills of the open windows, darting to gobble a few fallen kernels, give intimacy to the impersonal, mechanical process. Only these and the small boys who occasionally creep up behind to steal a squab reared in the clash and whir and fragrant dust.

With its grain elevators, sugar refineries, packing and canning plants, with its dry docks, oil berths, storage tanks, piers and jetties and docks, the harbour of Vancouver is a city in itself. It is a well-run city, for since 1936 it has been administered by the National Harbours Board at Ottawa and operated through a port manager. The Harbours Board owns certain piers, jetties, warehouses, and grain elevators. It leases others to individuals or companies. It manages its various businesses cleanly and effectively without political interference.

To understand the phenomenon that is Vancouver one must consider the port as separate from and yet inextricable from the city. Without the port there would be no city such as exists.

To be sure, British Columbia is rich in forest products and fish and mineral deposits, and behind it lies a hinterland of grain. But such products, to be converted into wealth, must be exported, and it is through the port that they must pass. True commerce depends upon an exchange of commodities in fairly equal ratio. Therefore prosperity depends upon a home market as well as a foreign one. Such a home market means a large population, with industries and manufactories, demanding the luxuries and necessities of life. Vancouver has this population and these industries.

A port co-ordinates the loading, the unloading, the distributing and forwarding of exports and imports. That port is successful which makes such co-ordination with fairness, carefulness, and dispatch. In other words, a successful port is not merely one favorably situated by nature, but one intelligently handled by man.

Upon the co-operation between city and port authorities, upon the existence of basic materials for export and markets for import, the present prosperity of Vancouver has been established.

A port, like a city, is more than the sum of its activities. It is the background—even the breeding ground—of men.

Vancouver is still young enough to possess flavoursome

individuals and not merely stereotyped patterns. All pioneer countries—all new cities—create such men. Their numbers diminish as standardization spreads.

Frequently the daily paper notes the death of a man who, in the early days of his life—and in the early days of the city—laid the foundation of a fortune or an industry. With such an obituary he ceases to be a living neighbour and becomes a legend. The boats he built or sailed, the factories he established, the newspaper he started, the church or school or hospital or park he founded, becomes his monument.

Along a water front such legends are colourful, many, and long-lived, and that of Vancouver is no exception.

The windjammers which were frequent in this port until the last war brought personalities, not merely passengers. The ships themselves were personalities.

Such a one was the *Beaver*, the first steamship to voyage the Pacific. She left England in October 1835 and arrived in Vancouver six months later, bringing her engines with her to be installed here. Anyone who wants to see precisely how the *Beaver* looked can study the model in the Archives in Victoria. She was a single-stack side-wheeler, 101 feet long and 33 feet wide, with a depth of 11 feet and a tonnage of 101. One of her oak timbers, a rib, and her carved and gilded stern board are also on display in the same room, as well as a chair fashioned from her frame. After a varied career up and down the coast in many roles, from

man-of-war to tug, she was wrecked at the entrance to Vancouver Harbour in 1888—and promptly achieved immortality in the annals of British Columbia.

Such a one was the *Vancouver Belle*, the first ship built here. She went sealing off the Pribilof Islands, under Captain Harvey Copp, who had, in his time, shipped in both wind and steam. Captain Copp was taken prisoner, and the *Vancouver Belle* never came back. It was seventeen years later that The Hague awarded him $7,000.

This harbour and this water front are waiting for their novelists, short-story tellers, and poets. No Masefield, no H. M. Tomlinson, no Mark Twain has yet appeared.

One character, however, has received full publicity.

The exploits and brutalities of Captain Alexander McLean have been read in book form and witnessed on the moving-picture screen by shuddering thousands. Captain McLean, who served Jack London as a prototype of Wolf Larsen, came from Cape Breton, Canada, and his cold-blue eyes, and the moustache which was so long that he used to tie it behind his neck when he was eating, were familiar enough to many people still living in Vancouver. Powerful and ruthless, although not such a monster of inhumanity as the Sea Wolf, he was poaching off the Pribilof Islands when he was captured by the Russians. Furious, he rammed his ship into the Russian gunboat and took off fifteen feet of plate. But even such violence did not save him, and the Russians took him off to Vladivostok. Oddly,

this man of drink and violence was truthful and unblasphemous. He maintained perfect discipline and cleanliness aboard his ship, and he sentimentally decorated his own small quarters in Vancouver with South Sea paddles and harpoons.

Whoever enters Vancouver Harbour sees from afar the outline of its mountains, the curve of its water front. Coming nearer, he sees the streets and buildings, the movement on and near the water.

There is the same perspective in time.

On June 13, 1792, Captain George Vancouver, searching for a passage by sea to the Atlantic Ocean, was, with his companions, the first white man to enter the harbour which now bears his name. The only craft those waters had previously known were Indian canoes. The *Beaver* was the first ship to pass under steam through the Lions Gate. The *Vancouver Belle* was the first boat to be built here.

Today three steel cargo carriers of 10,00 tons each are being built simultaneously in one shipyard. Today almost two million cases of salmon are being exported yearly. Today seven grain elevators are storing nearly eighteen million bushels of wheat.

Tomorrow, when the world is rebuilding its broken forces and collecting raw materials and buying food for its starving peoples—who can imagine the port of Vancouver tomorrow?

CHAPTER III

The Canadian Pacific Railway

THE STRANGER TODAY seeing for the first time the mountain metropolis, where it is never too hot or too cold to work and play comfortably out of doors, and the hundred-mile water front of a harbour which is ice-free the year around, takes it for granted that this topography and climate should have created a great city and a great port.

But the topography and climate had not created Vancouver when, in 1872, British Columbia entered the Confederation on the understanding that it, as a province, should be connected with eastern Canada by rail. There was still no city of Vancouver when British Columbia threatened to secede from the Dominion unless railway construction was started by 1879.

Such a threat did not trouble statesmen in England, who were inclined to agree with the influential periodical Lon-

don *Truth* when it printed in September 1881: "British Columbia is not worth keeping. It should never have been inhabited at all. It will never pay a red cent of interest on the money that may be sunk in it." It did not trouble those statesmen in eastern Canada who accepted the description of British Columbia—now the third largest province in the Dominion—as "a sea of mountains that would never pay for itself in the Confederacy."

But British Columbia's determination to have a railroad connecting it with the more populous and more politically powerful sections of the country coincided with the determination of those men who formed the Canadian Pacific Railway syndicate and were dedicated to the idea of a Canadian transcontinental railroad.

The struggles, the discouragements, and the final victory of those men is more than an epic of Canada. It is a world epic of empire building. They were confronted not only with lack of money but with almost entire lack of understanding from England—and it was to England they had to look for financial support.

The Canadian Government had tried, as early as 1870, to persuade the directorate of the Grand Trunk Railway to undertake the task of getting a railroad across the continent, but the Grand Trunk would have none of it. The Grand Trunk, operating in the most populous part of the country, had been unable to pay a cent of interest on its common stock. The idea of projecting a railroad through

a wilderness struck its directors as the height of folly.

Prime Minister Mackenzie then tried to get the Government to undertake the project, and pieces of line starting from nowhere and ending nowhere were laid, with much political opposition and at alarming expense.

Finally, the Government, exasperated with the whole business, was glad enough to grant a charter to the syndicate which was to become the Canadian Pacific Railway Company.

The charter was all very well, but the factors which attended it were, briefly, political opposition in both England and Canada, difficulties of securing money, difficulties of securing labour, difficulties of securing a population across the plains which would make it possible for such a line to earn its living. Added to these were the rivalry of those Canadian railways which were already established and the threatened rivalry of railroads and their builders in the United States. Finally, there were physical problems of such magnitude that the distinguished explorer and engineer, Captain Palliser, who had spent four years studying the terrain, handed in his report that the mountains were impassable.

These were some of the complications and obstacles which confronted the syndicate when it received its charter in 1881 and undertook to carry steel rails over thousands of miles of empty prairie, through virgin forests, over swift and tortuous and flooding rivers, and around

and over and through the highest mountain ranges in North America.

The president of the company was George Stephen—who was later to choose his peerage title from the mountain named after him in British Columbia, and so become Lord Mountstephen—and he took to assist him William Cornelius Van Horne, an American of tremendous resourcefulness and energy. So devotedly did these men and those who were associated with them believe in the project that, when the company had to appeal to the Government for a loan, the directors guaranteed it individually, pledging not only their personal fortunes but even their personal effects—in one case down to household linen.

The charter had stipulated that the railroad be completed in ten years. It was completed in five. It reached tidewater on the Pacific coast in July 1886. To be sure, it was not Vancouver but Port Moody which it reached, for at that time Vancouver was little more than a forest clearing.

In 1850 a place existing only on some of the maps printed by Upper Canada was entitled Albert City. The map makers were not exactly sure where Albert City was to be—it is placed only approximately near the present Vancouver—but they evidently thought the Prince Consort deserved some recognition.

The first settler, John Morton, in 1862 built a cabin

on the spot where the Marine Building now stands, and when he heard the railroad was coming he and his two partners drew up on paper the "City of Liverpool." This consisted of 550 acres for which they had paid a dollar an acre, with one cabin on it—their own.

After the Hastings Sawmill and the Moodyville Sawmill had been built, a small clearing was made in the forest near a beach on Burrard Inlet and called Granville. Here a few men built their primitive houses, from which, in the daytime, they could step directly out of their back doors into the virgin forest, and at night could lie in bed and listen to the deer pattering up and down the different levels of the narrow connecting board sidewalks. Granville was small, with a tiny shack which was dubbed the Customs House and a two-cell jail, so seldom used that no one remembered when or how the key was lost.

But it was not too small to have a saloon, presided over by a voluble ex-mariner who arrived on the scene with an Indian wife, a yellow dog, two hens, and a barrel of whisky. This last he shared with the two or three citizens who helped him build his "hotel." He further repaid them by long and racy tales of his travels and adventures.

The names given or chosen by the early residents of British Columbia must not be judged by the one which was applied to the saloonkeeper. The brilliant founder and editor of the Victoria *Colonist*, who had moved a vote of censure on the Government for its slowness in pushing the

railroad to the coast, showed an ear for euphony as well as registering a claim to quite unusual powers of love, for he called himself Amor de Cosmos. The bullfrogs who gave nightly serenades in the swamps of what is now Hastings Street were poetically referred to as British Columbian nightingales. Craigellachie—the point where Lord Strathcona drove the last spike where the rails of the Canadian Pacific Railway met in British Columbia—combined both melody and sentiment. Several years before, in some of the darkest days of the young company, George Stephen had sent to his cousin, Donald Smith, and other fellow directors a cablegram with the two Gaelic words *craig ellachie*, which mean "stand fast." When Donald Smith, now Lord Strathcona, drove the last spike on November 7, 1885, the place was named Craigellachie.

But the talkative saloonkeeper had no appreciation for poetic overtones. He gloried in the title of Gassy Jack, and the spot where he held forth went under the dreadful name of Gastown long enough to be so noted in historical records and admiralty charts.

The present name of Vancouver is credited to Van Horne, who remarked to L. A. Hamilton, the young surveyor who laid out what is now Hastings Street, "Hamilton, this is destined to be a great city, perhaps the greatest in Canada, and we must see that it has a name commensurate with its dignity and importance. And Vancouver it shall be if I have my way."

Although Vancouver is mentioned in a Portland, Oregon, newspaper in August 1884, and in the Montreal *Star* of December 18, 1884, as having been selected by Van Horne for the ultimate terminal site, it was not until 1886 that it was christened as a city. In that same year it was so completely obliterated by fire that in forty-five minutes there was nothing left of almost a thousand buildings but ashes and a pair of wagon tires. The next day rebuilding had started.

On May 23, 1887, on the eve of Queen Victoria's birthday and in the year of her Golden Jubilee, the transcontinental train of the Canadian Pacific Railway first reached the city. The locomotive bore a banner of silk and drew colonist cars, first-class coaches, a dining car, and two sleeping cars—these latter equipped with baths to attract the hoped-for oriental trade.

In 1886 the clipper-built bark *W. B. Flint* had arrived at Port Moody, bringing the first transpacific cargo from the Orient—a consignment of tea.

Thus the Canadian Pacific Railway, which was destined to link eastern Canada with western, and the Orient with the Occident, joined the two links. In creating Vancouver, the west coast terminus of what was to be the world's largest transportation system, it created the city.

The foundation of the system had been laid. The superstructure of colonization was to follow. As Sir Alexander Campbell had said, the Canadian Pacific Railway had "un-

dertaken, in addition to constructing a railway, to people a continent."

The Canadian Pacific Railway had about twenty-five million acres, which had come to it as part of the government subsidy in exchange for an undertaking to complete the railway. The land was without value until occupied and developed. To induce settlement it was put on the market at $2.50 per acre and sold under a contract stipulating that at least half the area was to be cultivated; a rebate of half the purchase price was to be given for each acre put to the plough. Advertising for settlers was carried on in Europe and the United States, and immigration fares were made attractive. The prairies began to be peopled, and the grain which was to be more precious than gold began to be planted, harvested, and transported.

Building a transcontinental railroad and peopling a country did not end the endeavours of the now powerful C. P. R.

It began to charter steamships to carry freight and passengers to and from Vancouver, Australia, and the Orient. The *W. B. Flint,* which brought the tea to Port Moody for shipment, was the first. The next year three steamships were chartered to carry the trade. Three years later the C. P. R. was granted a government subsidy for a regular transpacific service. When the fleet of Empress luxury liners began their voyages, they were more than mere transporters of travellers and freight. There was al-

ways something peculiarly romantic about these gleaming white vessels, and their sailings from and their returns to the port of Vancouver were occasions for gaiety and celebration. The white fleet is no longer white, nor does it carry travellers waving farewell from confetti-draped rails. But after the war they will sail the once familiar route again—part of the C. P. R. and of the only all-British connection between North America and the Far East.

The Pacific Ocean was not enough.

The C. P. R. acquired passenger and freight ships on the Atlantic which became the most valuable trade link between Canada and England. Before the war C. P. R. ships yearly carried their house flag and the flag of Canada to every important port of the globe. Freight and passengers could be transported around the world on one ticket, over one system. The line did indeed span the world.

Then the C. P. R. began to build hotels of tremendous proportions and pleasing architecture across the whole Dominion, and the name of one—at Calgary—commemorated the engineer who had said it was impossible to carry the railroad across the mountains. It built and opened lodges and chalets and resorts in little-known regions. It preserved and beautified mountain and forest trails, hot springs and alpine lakes. It became, on a colossal scale, landlord of buildings, of grainlands, irrigated lands, and woodlands. It not only owned its railroads, but incidentally it kept in its own hands such auxiliary utilities as the

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telephone and telegraph, and the express and sleeping-car and dining-car departments—franchises ordinarily handed over to other organizations.

Like all conspicuously successful companies, as it grew in power it roused the jealousy of rival organizations and the distrust of individuals. Now that the country has been opened up to development, it is easy to decry the agency which was such a factor in that development; easy to forget that the charter, when it was granted, was considered entirely fair.

In it the Government had agreed to give the new syndicate the seven hundred miles of railway already built or under contract to be built by the Government. It also gave it twenty-five million dollars and twenty-five million acres of selected land in alternate sections in the West. In addition, the syndicate was promised exemption from import duties on all material brought in for construction, from taxes on land for twenty years after patents were issued, and freedom from Dominion taxes on capital stock and railroad operating property for all time. To guard against premature competition by railroads connected with the United States, the Government agreed that for twenty years no charter would be granted to any railway south of the C. P. R., from any point at or near the C. P. R., except such as should run southwest and westward of southwest, or to within fifteen miles of the boundary lines.

Most of this did not look unduly generous in those days, when, on the other side of the boundary, no less a statesman than Charles Sumner had advocated giving half of any one of the great agricultural states in the West to anyone who would build a railroad through it.

No one thought it unduly generous of the Government in 1884 to grant three thousand square miles to aid in the construction of the seventy-five-mile Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway on Vancouver Island. However, some people still argue about the C. P. R. contract and are quite indignant that six hundred square miles of valuable mature timber, which was part of the government grant to the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway, is today controlled by the C. P. R.

The monopolistic clause, denying the right to others to build railroads south of the C. P. R. to the United States, was temporary. But the clause "And the Company should thereafter and forever efficiently maintain work and run the Canadian Pacific Railway" is as permanently binding as legal phraseology can make it. There seems no question that, since the C. P. R. has kept its side of the agreement, the Government will do the same.

The story of the C. P. R. could be approached from many angles. At every point where it stops a book could be written showing how the development of that spot has been affected by the railroad. Vancouver is no exception.

For it was the railroad builders, not the politicians and

not even the statesmen in London and Ottawa, who foresaw the future.

Before the road had reached Vancouver, a young telegraph operator went with Mr. Van Horne on a trip to the west coast. As they stood where now Granville and Hastings Streets intersect in front of the present Post Office, Mr. Van Horne took out a piece of paper and a pencil and made a sketch. The telegraph operator, drearily appraising the mud and stumps and rocks, was incredulous when Mr. Van Horne handed him the sketch. But years later he was to recall Van Horne's words:

"My boy, there will be a very great city here. To this place will come steel tracks carrying endless trains of passengers and freight. And from this place, an all-the-year-around port, will sail fleets of vessels engaged in trade all over the world."

CHAPTER IV

Wealth from Mill and Factory

WHEREVER ONE SEES the water around Vancouver—and this is whenever one looks in almost any direction—one sees brown logs, floating on the surface of that water.

Sometimes these logs are bound together in what is called a boom, like a vast, flat raft, which may be seven or eight or even ten or fifteen acres in extent. Sometimes they are piled up in a Davis raft. The Davis raft, which was developed in British Columbia in 1915, is built up from a floor or bottom which is made by logs placed side by side and end to end between parallel boomsticks. The boomsticks and the logs which they confine are bound together by chains or cables woven in and out, over and under, according to an intricate design. Into the centre of this network of logs and wires more logs are rolled, by means of a donkey engine and high lead running over the top of a

frame, first from one side of the raft and then from the other. This is continued until they sink the centre to the required depth. More logs are piled on top, secured by wires tightened by the donkey engine, until the raft is a completed unit with more than half of its contents below the surface of the water. The towing wires are attached in such a way that as the tug proceeds it pulls the raft together instead of asunder.

Most of the Davis rafts seen along the British Columbia coast are towed from the Queen Charlotte Islands. They are from 480 to 560 feet long, and one tug may tow two or three of them at a time, each one carrying two to two and a half million feet of logs.

Whether in a Davis raft or in a boom, the logs proceed slowly but with safety around the bends of the rivers, across the sounds, beyond the bays, down the inlets, into the fiords, past the shores, putting to shame the Birnam wood that came to Dunsinane.

Converting forests into lumber and its allied products is the most important industry of British Columbia. Since 1886, when Hastings Sawmill was established in Vancouver, using an engine taken from a ship, lumber has been the economic mainstay of the province and the basic wealth of the city.

Since that early day until now the great, slow rafts have been as much a part of the Vancouver seascape as the Lions—as the Fraser River—as the sea and sky.

From the shore it is impossible to see the mark which, like the brand upon each cow and bull and steer in a herd of cattle, designates its owner. So far ahead is the tug that is towing them that they seem to be moving of their own volition, irresistibly drawn to their peculiar magnet. Passive and obedient, the logs—in vast flat booms or piled high in Davis rafts—move reluctantly over the open water. To be sure, there are other logs, not bound together in any way, but loose, turbulently stampeding and pitching down the rivers. The current carries them along pell-mell, piling up on one another, some of them to be lost upon the banks, some to sink, some to be stranded in backwaters and pockets, on obstructions and in shallows. But whether confined in boom or raft or floating singly, they are herded at last into the aquaceous corral of a sawmill. Here they come to rest and lie inert, perhaps trembling a little with the movement of the water. Like trembling cattle crowded into the pen beside the slaughterhouse, they wait their doom.

The doom, when it comes, comes quickly. Prodded onto a moving ramp with saw-like teeth or grappled by chains and swung up on cables, they are injected into a universe of moving chains and belts and wheels; a universe of whirling, sawing, squealing, shrieking machinery. There are men as well as machines, but so few men are needed to direct their monstrous, mechanical slaves that one is hardly aware of them. The machines seem to have intelligence

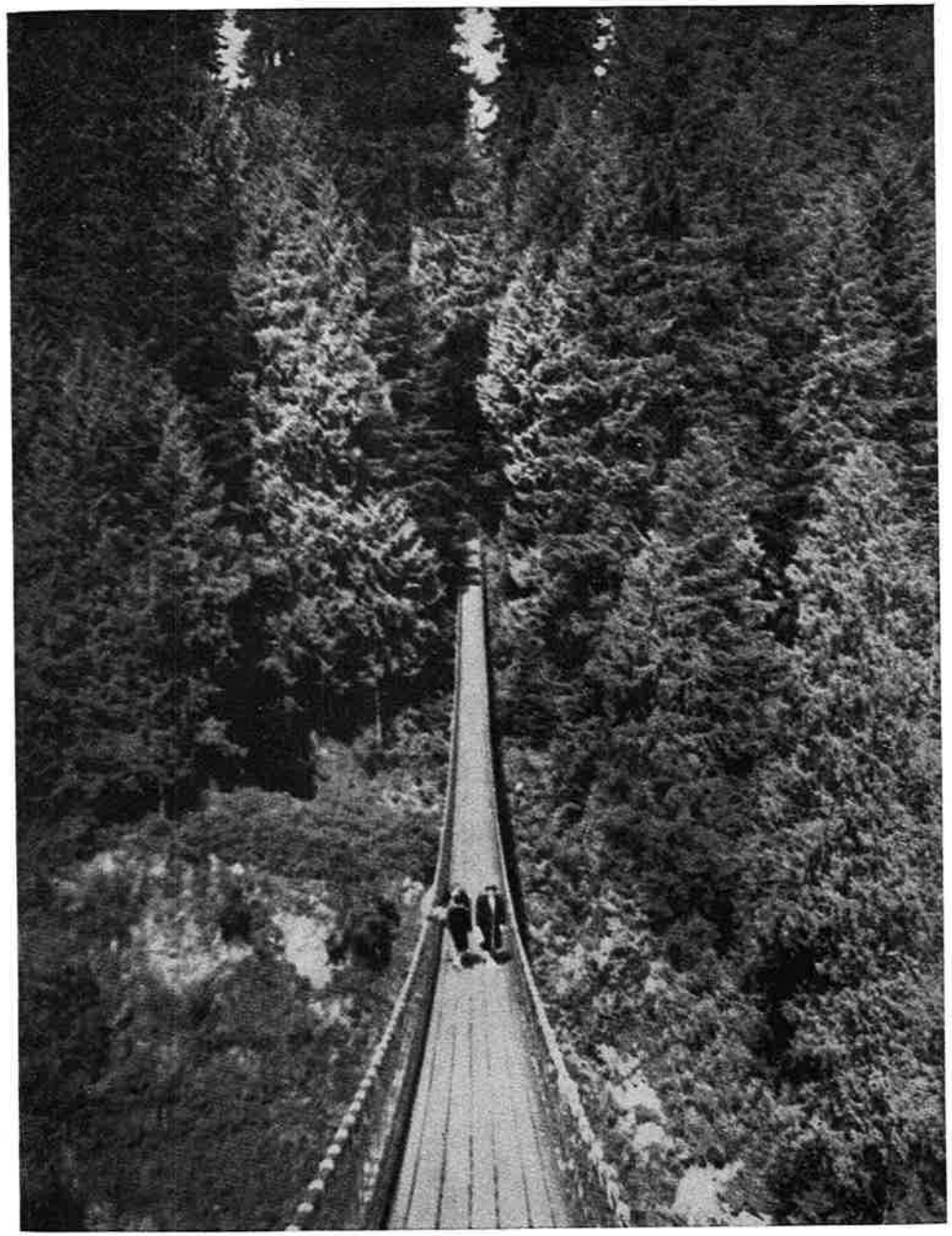
of their own, and they cut and saw and grind and plane with the disciplined rhythm of slaves.

The dripping log is shot directly against fearful saws which slice it lengthwise, cutting through six feet of solid timber as easily as a kitchen knife cuts through a carrot. It moves on an endless belt to an edging saw which trims away the bark—an immense and terrifying saw that must be changed and sharpened twice a day; moves on to another machine which cuts it into the required lengths; moves on to other machines which plane and surface it; moves on to the truck which picks it up like a match and whirls it away with a couple of tons of similar pieces; moves on to the factory or the boat or the train which will transport it to the near-by or distant factory.

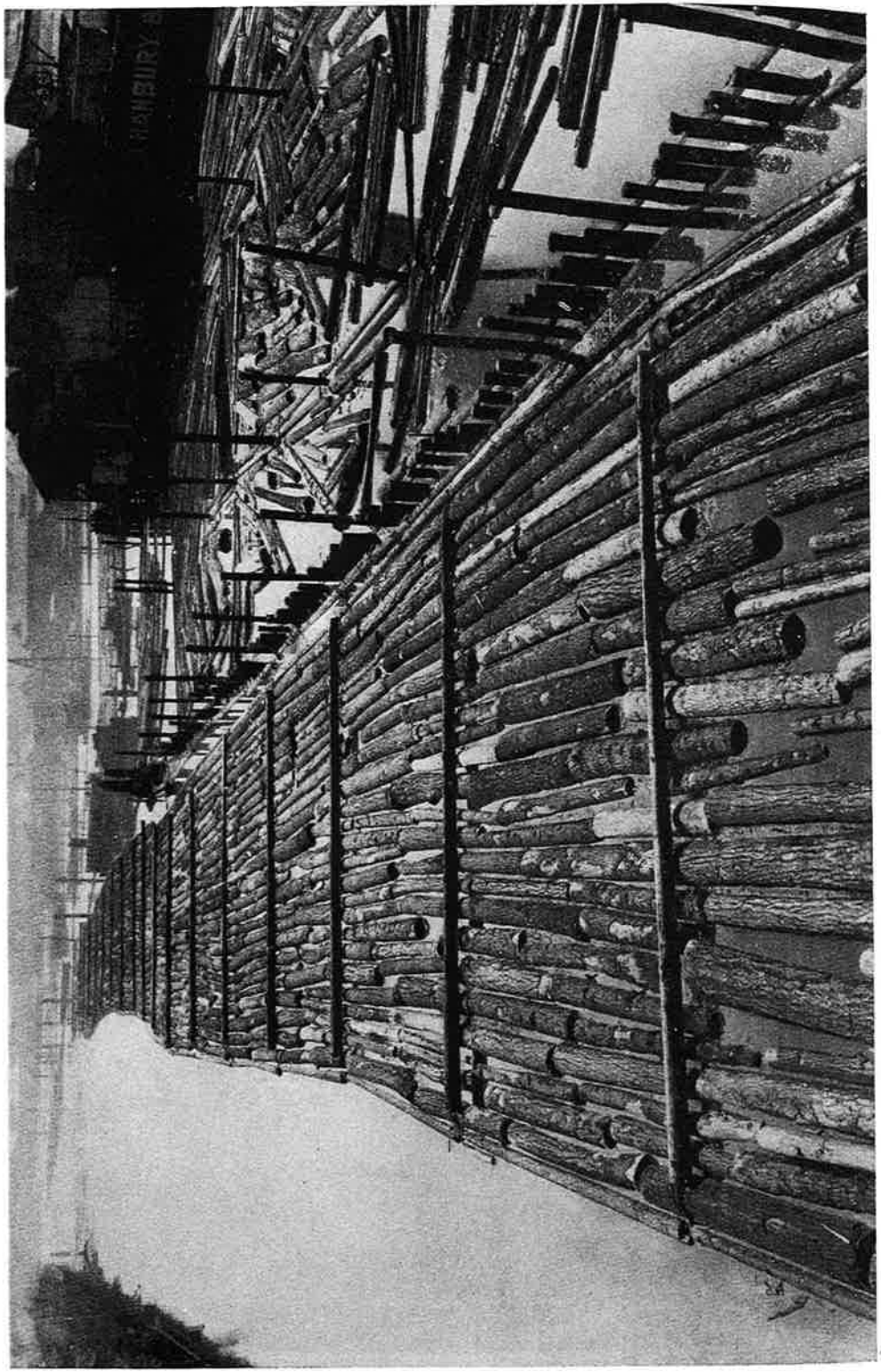
The tree which may have been three hundred feet high and six or eight feet in diameter is a pile of commercial timber. It will become boxes, doors, interior finish, floors, furniture, cozy white bungalows, and trim power launches.

Today, when wood is needed as it was never needed before, nearly all the stock is going into wartime housing, camps, and those new factories which are making army supplies. The sawmills cannot waste one precious moment. The machines and the men who operate them work with uninterrupted regularity.

Even swifter is the transformation awaiting the logs outside a plywood factory—immense trunks of the Douglas fir which have, for three or four or even seven or eight



A suspension bridge sways two hundred and ten feet above Capilano Canyon.



The great brown logs are bound together in a boom which may be ten or fifteen acres in extent.

hundred years, expanded to mighty girth and height in the forests of British Columbia.

These, too, are brought up a saw-tooth ramp or by a cable and handled on horizontal lathes and spindles which shave the bark, two men and the machine doing in a few minutes what it once took many hours and many men with axes to accomplish.

The great, cleaned trunk is now fastened on a peeler, and as it revolves under the giant lathe a continuous sheet of veneer about a tenth of an inch thick unrolls, unrolls, unrolls—miles and miles and miles of it.

Clippers cut this shimmering ribbon; rollers carry the uniform pieces to a drier. The panels pass to worktables where each is examined. Those in which a knot has left a hole or a sliver has left a crack pass to other tables where one machine stamps out the defect and another applies to the cavity a bevelled patch with glued edges and matching grain, and of precisely the correct size. Such a patch is stamped in with a weight so that it is practically invisible. More swiftly than the visitor can comfortably keep up with it, the panel now goes under rollers which apply a coating of glue. The glued sheets are then piled up in odd numbers—three, five, seven—to make any required thickness—each sheet laid at right angles to the ones above and below it and the most perfect sheets, with their handsomely grained and flawless surfaces, reserved for the outside. In hot presses these layers are bonded together in four or five

minutes. The panel which finally stands, ready for shipment, has been sanded to satin smoothness and displays the natural grain of the wood, and is, pound for pound, stronger than steel.

The making of plywood is by no means a new idea. Its original form, veneer, was known to the ancients. Since few trees grew in Egypt which could be used for ornamental purposes in the fifteenth century B.C., ebony, rosewood, and teak were imported from India. To bring even a single log over immense distances by galley and oxcart was a laborious, lengthy, and costly undertaking. It was necessary to make that one log do for many pieces of furniture and for many mummy cases. King Tutankhamen himself was buried in a coffin of plywood, its layers not glued together but pegged. The Romans also appreciated veneer, and Pliny remarks that Cicero paid a million sesterces, or about twenty thousand dollars, for a table of veneered citrus wood. Later Chippendale, Sheraton, and Hepplewhite were to use veneers for their finest pieces, as do expert cabinetmakers today.

But although veneer is, like plywood, a thin peeling from a solid log, its purpose has always been decorative. Plywood, which is built up by layers of veneer glued to one another, with the grain of each layer running at right angles to the grain of the next, has become one of the most important materials in the building world. Long ago it graduated from being considered a mere by-product of

lumber, to be slapped together in the manufacturing of cheap articles which quickly warped and blistered.

It has been discovered that when it is properly made it does not swell or shrink, that it is splitproof, an excellent insulator, durable and slow to decay, easy to bend into rounded forms, and adapted to literally hundreds of uses. Russia has been using it since the eighties, when the Russian-Baltic Car Works found it suitable for railway cars. In Germany the Deutsche Rohrplatten Gesellschaft manipulated it in various forms. In the United States piano makers were among the first to discover its value, and by the turn of the century factories everywhere were making cheap, light articles.

It was, however, the search for a material suitable for airplanes which brought it into new prominence.

Igor Sikorsky built the entire fuselage of his first four-engined machine from it. To the Russians in 1912 is credited the first airplane to be entirely constructed of it. The Germans used it in their famous Albatross-Gotha machines. After the first World War was begun, P. W. Cowlings made the De Havilland 4s with a *monocoque*—a plywood fuselage—which was submitted by the Dodge brothers to the Signal Corps in May 1916. In 1919 the Kaskelite Corporation of Grand Rapids succeeded in making a two-piece fuselage of plywood, and the Curtiss Company built the *Oriole* of the same material.

Then for fifteen years little was heard of it. It was sadly

admitted that some of the plywood was only partly water-resistant; that some came apart, and some was susceptible to bacteria—like the Fokker planes in the Dutch East Indies which grew mushrooms inside their wings.

The trouble was with the glue. It was not until 1930 that the Germans developed a plastic glue, a resinous bond made from a formaldehyde resin such as is used in telephones, unbreakable tumblers, and fountain pen barrels. With this resinous bond it was possible to make a plywood which was water- and bacteria-resistant, and its future was assured.

It found its first great market in barns, silos, factories, and cheaper houses. The cost of labour was cut down and two thirds of the nailing was eliminated, and the wide, unbroken surfaces helped insulation from both heat and cold. It was discovered that it would resist a higher wind than sawn lumber; that it was lighter and stronger than laths and plaster and required no time for drying; that it could be painted or papered. Then it was proved that it possesses certain virtues superior to those of steel. It absorbs sound and does not rust; it is lighter than steel; it can be moulded into automobile bodies which are cool in summer and warm in winter.

The boatbuilders ascertained its practicality for marine use and incorporated it into assault boats, torpedo boats, and patrol boats.

The early airplane builders had found it adaptable for

certain of their purposes, but now those purposes became legion. By eliminating riveting, it eliminates the cost and weakness and air resistance of rivets. It does not fatigue like metal after enduring long periods of vibration. It is resistant to the corrosion of acids and alkaline and salt water, and it does not weaken in repeatedly changing temperatures.

With the pressure of war, time became an important factor, and a plywood plane, consisting of only a few parts, makes inspection quicker and maintenance cheaper. Furthermore, many parts, such as leading wing edges, tail subassemblies, bomb-bay doors, and engine coverings can be made by woodworking industries which are not so crowded as the metalworking shops.

It is possible that plastics may supplant it in some of these fields in the future, but at present the plywood factories are rushing through their wartime orders.

Those to whom a mighty tree hundreds of years old is an object of veneration, and who wince as they watch a gigantic trunk being unpeeled into a veneer a tenth of an inch thick, may find consolation in remembering that housing for war workers is going up throughout the Allied countries. From one log, four feet in diameter and sixteen or twenty feet long, can come enough plywood for the inside and outside walls, subflooring, and roof decking for a modern five-room house. In finishing the house plywood can be used as wallboard and ceiling panels, as simu-

lated tiles in bathroom and kitchen, for cornices and, of course, for furniture.

The log has further use. The white, central core which is left on the peeler is cut into chunks and used as firewood. The sawdust which piles up outside both plywood factories and sawmills is baled and burned in stoves and furnaces. Nearly everyone who lives near such a factory or mill heats his house and cooks his food cleanly, easily, and economically with sawdust.

The sawmill is noisy and dusty, but it smells of fragrant wood. The plywood factory is not only aromatic but comparatively quiet. They are both so located that many of the workers can live conveniently at home.

Not so conveniently located and not at all sweet-smelling are the pulp mills. They must be near an inexhaustible supply of pure water and cheap hydroelectric power. The two great pulp mills of Powell River and Ocean Falls have been placed where they can get such water and such power, and this has necessitated building not only the mills but the towns where the officials, the technicians, the clerks and workers must live.

Powell River, the largest newsprint mill in North America, is only fifty miles from Vancouver. But Ocean Falls is halfway to Alaska, separated from Vancouver to the south and Prince Rupert to the north by a coast that is like the tangled edge of a shawl. There are deep, narrow fiords and winding passages and rivers and creeks; there are coves

and bays and islands and promontories and peninsulas. The fantastic shore line is sometimes wooded, sometimes mountainous, sometimes edged by sandy or rocky beaches. It is amazing, after a day and night of steaming past such wilderness, to be confronted by a complete and busy and up-to-date town.

Every person in that town has been brought thither by the company. The smallest cottage, the largest apartment house, the shops, church, library, swimming pool, have all been built and are maintained by the company.

It is by no means an unattractive settlement, for it is held in a bowl whose sides are mountains and whose highway is a winding river. The neat houses, with their lawns and window boxes, are like similar houses anywhere. Only the streets are quite different. They are made of wood, for it is cheaper and easier in this forest-surrounded place to lay a street as one would lay a floor rather than to pave it. Such wooden streets were once the usual things in the new towns of British Columbia, but now they are quite a curiosity to strangers, who find them quiet and clean and very agreeable to walk on. Each house, each person—everything that is here—is here because of the great pulp and paper plant that forms the focus of Ocean Falls. Every life is regulated by its whistle. Its sounds and odours permeate every corner.

The trees which are cut in the company's forests are sawed in the company's sawmills. The water comes from

Vancouver City Coll.Lib.

the company's own lake and flows over the company's dam.

An immense amount of pure water is needed, not only for power but for the various processes of pulp- and paper-making, the quality of the water being almost as important as it is to a brewery. The wood which is brought in on endless belts is chipped up, mashed up, ground up, macerated in water. It is screened and cleaned and diluted with more water so it can be pumped easily. Then it is thickened by having the water squeezed out of it so that it can be handled.

It is bleached, cooked, cooled, strengthened, and coloured or tinted. It passes through rooms which are so steamingly hot that it seems incredible that the men can tend the machinery without swooning. It undergoes chemical treatments whose fumes are sickening to unaccustomed nostrils.

Finally transformed into white paper, craft paper, tissue paper, and newsprint, it unrolls from the machine—miles and miles of it. Ultimately it will be rolled up again in various-sized packages for shipment. It will wrap parcels, be made into pasteboard cartons, become newspaper, writing paper, cleaning tissue, and be thrown carelessly away as waste.

Canada, since the beginning of the war, has again become the world's major source of pulp and paper, with more than a hundred firms employed in an industry which

supports half a million Canadians. Through Vancouver pass most of the newsprint and pulp and paper products of the Northwest. These millions of tons add their quota to the value of the lumber industry—that industry which produces 40 per cent of the wealth of British Columbia.

To see the great rafts floating across the water; to see the sawmill and the piles of planks and poles and mine props, laths and shingles; to see a plywood factory and its procession of shining panels; to see a pulp and paper plant unrolling its miles of tissue is to see the actual wealth of British Columbia.

To look at a logging camp is to look at the primary source of that wealth.

CHAPTER V

Wealth from the Forest

LOOKING at the uninterrupted procession of rafts floating from every direction to sawmill, plywood factory, pulp mill; looking at the map of British Columbia, the immediate impression is that this province, which is as large as California, Washington, and Oregon combined, must be densely and extensively forested.

Such is not the case.

About one third of British Columbia is covered by mountains, glaciers, and snow; another third by swamp and water and muskeg and subalpine growth. One third is therefore left to account for the forest and arable land.

This one third must be divided again into three. For one third of it is denuded of forest, one third has young growth not yet fit for cutting, and only one third has mature timber. This seems to narrow the source of merchantable timber pretty drastically, but there is still another division

to be made. The area which has mature timber must be again divided, for only one half of it is in a location which is accessible.

Therefore, seeing a logging camp is not as simple as stepping outdoors and looking around. Logging camps are, understandably, far away from towns and settlements.

While there are still individuals who cut a few trees and float them to the mill or factory; while there are small, and fairly large, logging concerns dotted up and down the coast, to see the last great remaining stands of virgin timber upon which the logging industry and all the various industries stemming from it depend; to see the huge, well-run camps which are the best in Canada and a model to the world, one should go to Vancouver Island.

And, having gone to Vancouver Island, one can hardly do better than to proceed a hundred miles inland to the Alberni Pacific Lumber Company, one of the largest in the province, and one where it is possible to see, as in a vast moving picture, the constructive and destructive factors in the present logging system.

Where there were, a few years ago, miles of untouched forests; where Douglas firs three hundred feet high and eight or ten feet in diameter—and cedars and Sitka spruce of even greater dimensions—were reflected in quiet lakes, and fish darted in the streams, there extends a complex and complete settlement with its own railway station and post office, and near them a main building where three

hundred men can sit down to meals at one time at long, scrubbed tables.

There are rows of bunkhouses for the unmarried men—only they contain not bunks but beds, with their linen changed weekly and with showers and individual lockers. There is a first-aid station and all the shops and storehouses necessary to maintain such an establishment in the midst of the wilderness. There are houses for married men and their families and for the staff. There is a guesthouse for visitors. There are gardens and flower boxes and even a large outdoor aviary where fat canaries wrangle over lettuce leaves.

In the airy kitchen, where a forest of snowy pots hang from overhead, seven white-clad Chinese cooks preside over a fifteen-foot, four-oven stove (paradoxically burning coal in this world of wood) and produce meals of such quantity and quality that the lumbermen here are surely the most calory-stuffed, vitamin-fortified, eye-tempted, and palate-tickled people in the world today. The bake room is fragrant with the odour of hot bread and pies and cakes. The cold-storage room is hung with sheep and beef and pork. The storeroom is a miniature grocery store—though not so miniature, either. For the modern lumberman demands not only plenty of food, but variety and delicacies, and he gets them. Orange juice or grapefruit begins his breakfast and is followed by masses of sausages, bacon, eggs, coffee, and hot cakes. Celery and lettuce ac-

company the meats and puddings and vegetables and fruits of his dinner and supper menus.

Such a camp has always paid its men well and housed and fed them well. Today, fearful of labour shortage, it caters to them with increased solicitude. The men are charged from a dollar to a dollar and a half a day for their board and lodging, but, since the best paid receive from ten to twelve dollars daily and the others in proportion, it is not difficult to roll up a good bank account for a riotous vacation in Vancouver.

They deserve good wages and good food, these muscular Scandinavians and Canadians, who go out in the early morning in all weathers to tackle those heavy and dangerous tasks which require special aptitude and special training.

The settlement represents only a small part of the investment of the company, and only a small part of its activity. The thirty or forty miles of railway which it has laid to penetrate in all directions cost twenty to thirty thousand dollars a mile to build. Upon it run its own locomotives and work cars, boxcars, cabooses, flatcars, water-tank cars. Here comes a skeleton car so powerful that it can pick up a three- or four-ton log by the side of the track as if it were a match. Here comes a speeder, the open work car which carries the men to and from areas constantly more distant, since about two thousand acres a year are logged off. The railway tracks go over bridges and

through dynamited cuts, across high trestles and above culverts, up and down steep grades, through fields which primeval forests and then regiments of stumps once made impassable.

In this age of machinery, in which trucks and tractors and flatcars have taken the place of oxen in hauling the fallen timber out of the forests, the trees must still be felled by hand.

Like all operations which are supremely well done, it looks simple.

The tree being selected, the fallers—the word throws sudden illumination on the once cryptic newspaper advertisement—estimate, with a precision that has become automatic with experience, the direction it must fall to avoid getting entangled with other trees or being broken on rocks or stumps. They must also estimate just what direction will ensure its being most efficiently handled.

With axes they notch or undercut it so as to guide the fall. They saw rapidly, rhythmically, without pause. Suddenly the great tree topples. There is a crash, a boom that shakes the ground, a gush of perfume as the sweet sap and sawed fibres give up their last living breath—and a powder of broken leaves drifts through the air. One more tree is felled. It is done very much as the first pioneer did it. Two different men—these are called buckers—each at the end of a long crosscut saw, now take over, trimming off the limbs and cutting the wood into log lengths.

From now on the operation becomes complicated.

A log forty feet long and weighing a ton and a half is an unwieldy thing to handle. When such a one, with hundreds of its fellows, lies on a mountaintop, or on the side of a steep canyon, or on a rocky hill, or in a deep valley, or alongside a steep ridge, it presents problems in transportation.

Oxen and horses, dragging the felled logs over greased ways, were all very well once upon a time. But about 1900 the demand for timber increased so tremendously that logging engineers came into being and began to show what they could do. They worked out various systems of overhead logging, and one of these is frequently seen at Alberni.

This system rotates around a spar tree, from which goes out a bewildering complication of guys and cables, hoisting lines, lifting lines, and yarding lines, loaded with block and tackle, skidding carriages and drums. At the base of this spar tree, with its festoon of lines, slack and taut, is a donkey engine to furnish power. Hook tenders and chasers and chokermen wait beside a distant fallen log until the "hooks" or "tongs" come racing toward them on a cable. When these tongs are secured to the log, the donkey engine begins to snort, the line begins to tighten and move, and the prostrate bulk, weighing perhaps several tons, begins to struggle, to push, to wallow through the dirt like a blind dinosaur. It labours, it resists. It rears one end from

the ground, and then, smashing everything within its orbit, thrashing and pitching, it is swung into the air, where it sways helplessly. It is drawn toward the spar tree, lunges, and crashes down near it. Then it is lifted neatly and laid upon the flatcar or truck waiting to receive it. It is a singularly affecting performance, as if some insensate creature were being goaded and hauled and forced to outdo itself in mortal effort. It is a singularly destructive performance, for the blind flailing and tossing has gashed and torn up the earth, broken down lesser trees, and left behind a wide trail of devastation. But it is by such overhead methods that the heaviest, longest trunks can be brought from hillsides two thousand feet away from the spar tree, and can be swung safely over five-hundred-foot canyons and lifted above swamps and bogs.

The donkey engines are powerful and, properly manipulated, are able to perform astonishingly varied feats. Some are on railway tracks and can travel easily from one spar tree to another. Some are on skids and can, by their own power, pull themselves up an incline of forty degrees. They tackle their tasks with determination and literalness, regarding the inchoate obstinacy of the logs without compassion. Amid perpetual racket and ruin, their winches chug, their chains rattle, and their operators skillfully and laconically direct their labours.

The men, like the machines, are well adapted to their jobs, and their titles and general vocabulary throw more

light upon those jobs than does the technical terminology of the laboratory or textbook. Those words which when first heard are as mystifying as Choctaw are actually remarkably graphic. Thus, nippers and swampers and doggermen are those who, respectively, hold the end of the crosstie against the base of the rail while spikes are being driven, clear the ground of underbrush, and attach the hooks, or dogs, to a log before it is skidded. Even the cat chaser turns out to be a normal human being who follows a caterpillar tractor.

The speech and virility of the men, the bracing air, the elemental, exciting work, create an atmosphere redolent with colour and pulsing with vitality.

From the moment when a tree is notched and felled by the fallers, sawed into logs by the buckers, swung through space on cables, piled up beside the spar tree, loaded onto railway cars or trucks, it is hurtling from one climax to another. Every process of its movement as it is borne over special tracks or roads, dumped into water, made into rafts, or floated singly to mill or factory, is a complete episode, representing specialized skills and creating, as a whirling wheel creates sparks, incidents of danger, daring, and drama.

This setting, this activity, which is the coursing lifeblood of a country, is waiting for its autochthonous literature. It has its businessmen and engineers, its foresters and middlemen, its exporters and labourers, but not yet its

novelists, poets, and painters, its sculptors and musicians. Someday here, as in Scandinavia, artists will discover this material. Then noble trees, like noble men, will come into the immortality of remembrance, living beyond what seems to be their death.

If such artists are ever to appear it had best be soon, judging from the devastation that stretches in every direction from an area that has been logged. The magnificent mature specimens are gone. Those that are left lie on the ground, dead and broken, like the carnage on a battlefield. So many of these are left that it is hard to visualize what has been taken away; hard to believe that any tree will ever grow again in this naked desolation.

There is no way to avoid destruction in a system of overhead logging, and the logging companies are convinced that they cannot survive unless they use such a system.

Before joining the hue and cry against the ruthless exploitation of such companies, it is well to get a general idea of their point of view.

The hue and cry is justified to a certain extent, but some knowledge of how and when and where it should be directed will help its effectiveness.

Nearly all timber in British Columbia is cut by companies from land which they lease from the Government. They also pay a licence for cutting and a royalty on a stumpage basis. The lease is renewable, but when the op-

eration is finished the licence may be dropped. Obviously here is a rich source of revenue for the Government.

A company naturally tries to lease land which bears large, virgin timber, for a reason easy to understand. For many years the chief market for timber was Europe. This meant that the British Columbia timber had to compete with those European markets which are supplied by cheaper labour and are nine thousand miles nearer the European consumer. To offset these disadvantages the British Columbia companies have taken only the best trees and left the poorer ones. In the early days of the pioneer country the supply of such prime, virgin timber seemed limitless. Therefore the mechanical and financial structures of the companies were created to deal with this type of timber. These structures remain, even if the raw material is diminishing.

A great logging camp, such as the one at Alberni, represents an investment of many millions of dollars. The buildings, railways, logging roads, and wages are only a part of that investment. Machinery and equipment are another part. Caterpillar tractors may cost eleven thousand dollars apiece. A big truck may cost fifteen to seventeen thousand dollars, with tires alone worth eighteen hundred dollars. In fact, after a few hours in such a camp the layman marvels that a log which has been felled, brought to a sawmill, and finished does not cost more than a column of Carrara marble.

The companies argue that in order to meet their expenses, which must include cost of their lease, their licence, their stumpage royalty, and taxes, besides the cost of the actual logging operations, they must use this overhead logging system. Only in this way can they meet the demand for timber—a demand which puts forty cents into every dollar in the pocket of every British Columbian.

This is the first argument of the companies.

The second is that fire, and not logging; is the great destroyer of the forests. Some of these fires are accidental—a spark from an automobile, a match, a locomotive, a camper's fire. Some spread from the burning off of the slash, or debris, from a logged area—a burning off which is demanded by the Government. Normally less than 10 per cent of the fires in the Vancouver district, which includes Vancouver Island, are caused by lightning. The companies draw attention to the fact that their policy and practice of fire protection and fire fighting benefit the whole forest region.

That the companies should find it necessary to make any explanations or apologies is a recent development. For years in British Columbia, as in the United States, the choicest trees, irreplaceable forever, have been felled in the most wasteful manner. The careful selective logging which, in the older European countries, ensures a non-diminishing supply, did not appeal to men surrounded by

an apparently inexhaustible crop of virgin timber, ripe for cutting.

Public opinion, suddenly waking with protesting clamour, and a wise and energetic Forest Service, suggesting conservation measures, necessitated such explanation.

Public opinion was a long time rousing and a longer time expressing itself. The very people who today inveigh against the ruthless exploitation of the forests have participated in a cutting just as ruthless. Vancouver, which was once panoplied in kingly green, is today as naked as a prairie town. It apparently never occurred to those who laid out the roads and streets to retain trees for shade or beauty. It apparently never occurred to architects to preserve some fir or cedar that was growing before the birth of Christ, and to build in relation to it. Vancouverites are always saying that they love their woods and insisting upon every visitor's hurrying straightway to Stanley Park to exclaim over the large cedars. But, looking at most of the houses, even in good residential districts, pushed close to the unshaded streets, with the wall of the next house only a few feet away, that visitor concludes that the favourite wood of the Vancouverite is the wooden wall of his adjacent neighbor. While there are, in the suburbs, private residences with spacious grounds and winding entrance drives, the urban householder who prefers to put some of his capital into outdoor space instead of into floor space is all too rare.

Neither are these sins wholly of the past. Today districts on spectacular hillsides or by dreaming lake shores are being laid out in lots of twenty-five- or thirty-three-foot frontage. No, the individuals who rage against the companies for despoiling the forests must begin by beating their own breasts for making one of the most sublime sites on the globe, which might have been a richly shaded and fragrant forest metropolis, into a city whose houses are jammed together as bleakly as those of cliff dwellers. Clumps of hydrangeas and hedges of laurel hardly compensate for evergreens which, left at strategic points, would have decorated the city with a unique and living glory—far more unusual and irreplaceable than barren statues, cenotaphs, or monuments.

So public opinion does not come before the tribunal with clean hands. But that it has come at all is a hopeful sign. And that in 1942 the British Columbia Resources Conservation League was founded in Vancouver is hearteningly commendable. With a dozen influential and intelligent charter members, the league is putting itself energetically to work. It hopes to set up a standing committee of the legislature to consider and formulate policies relating not only to the timber resources of the province but also to the conservation of all wild life. Through moving pictures, pamphlets, and lectures it is trying to preserve certain scenic areas and to inculcate in the younger generation an appreciation of the natural riches and

beauties of the province. Instead of merely railing against the lumbermen, it endeavours to understand their problems and to co-operate with them along constructive lines, at the same time co-operating with boards of trade, Rotary clubs, reeves and mayors, park commissioners, and the British Columbia Forest Service.

Thus the league stands in the centre of a circle bounded by Public Opinion and the Lumber Industry and with the Forest Service completing the periphery.

The aims and accomplishments of the Forest Service must therefore be briefly noted.

The Forest Act, which governs forestry in British Columbia, was introduced in 1912 not only to regulate the demands and needs of the present day but also to provide that future generations should receive unimpaired their heritage of forest wealth. Since that time the Forest Service has worked resolutely toward such a management of the forests as will ensure a sustained yield, believing that a long-term management plan is necessary for the permanent prosperity of British Columbia's greatest industry.

The Forest Service regards forests not primarily from the point of view of sentiment or aesthetics, but as the major economic prop of the province's greatest industry. In this it sees eye to eye with the lumbermen. However, it sees further than the lumbermen, for it believes it is possible and desirable to log the forests in such a way that

they will not be left permanently blighted but will continue to produce commercially profitable timber. It admits that the present proportion of tall timber cannot be maintained in any second crop. Once a centuries-old stand of virgin timber is cut, it is gone forever. However, it believes that by reforestation a new crop can be produced which will be both merchantable and accessible.

On the methods of reforestation it does not come into complete agreement with the lumbermen.

The latter prefer to believe that, thanks to the climate along this coastal province, natural reforestation will replace cutting, and it points to the seventy-five-foot Douglas firs around Victoria growing on areas which were logged off seventy-five years ago. The chief problem, they insist, is fire. The law requires that after an area has been logged it must be burned over to get rid of the waste, slash and snags which, when dried, are an invitation to lightning and sparks. However, such burning, if not controlled with utmost care, can do as much damage to new growth as any other kind of fire. One new growth may be burned and spring up again. But another fire in the same area may destroy not only the regeneration but the humus itself. Then the value of the land is gone forever.

The Forest Service does not depend entirely upon natural reforestation. It grows in its nurseries ten million new trees to be replanted annually on the mainland and on Vancouver Island. It will plant these trees or will supply

them free of charge to logging companies that will plant them. It also endeavours to show the companies that by cutting in isolated areas, and leaving a fringe of seed trees near a logged area, enough seed will blow in to ensure natural regeneration.

Some of the logging companies have united with the Forest Service on all these points. They have replanted the new trees, and they have left enough seed trees around logged areas to ensure new growth. The Alberni Pacific Lumber Company has co-operated to such an extent that, difficult as it is to protect areas from overhead or high-lead logging and fires, more than half of their cut areas are coming back.

But, although certain companies have been educated and persuaded to the point where they are willing to assist the Forest Service, others baldly declare that their present taxes and carrying charges are so great that there is no financial inducement for them to invest money in a second crop which will take seventy-five to one hundred years to mature. Their only aim is to cut everything they can while the cutting is good and to let coming generations look out for themselves.

As long as individuals are engaged in logging many of those individuals will make as much money as they can in the shortest time.

One way to ensure proper logging methods would be for the Government itself to take over all the timberlands.

While the Socialist party may want this, other political parties do not approve of the Government in the lumber business.

Thus the Forest Service finds itself in the position of mollifying politicians, educating lumber companies, and pacifying Public Opinion. It admits that at present the forests of British Columbia are being overcut. It admits that there is huge waste. It believes that some of this waste is unnecessary and some of it inevitable and some of it debatable. It is convinced that the permanent prosperity of the industry—an industry which furnishes 40 per cent of the provincial income—depends upon working out methods which will ensure sustained yields. Such methods have been satisfactorily proved in certain European countries which derive a large proportion of their national income from their forests, and which, by selective logging, maintain forests that improve yearly instead of deteriorating.

Selective logging, reforestation, and fire protection—30 per cent of the forest revenue is expended in fighting fire—are not the only things which engage the time, energy, and money of the Forest Service. There is also the conservation of certain stands of timber.

In British Columbia there are already more than ten million acres in inviolable parks, and the Forest Service, Public Opinion, and the British Columbia Natural Resources Conservation League would like to increase that

acreage. They would like to make sure that famous scenic areas and all trees that add to the attractiveness of the highways and approaches to the highways will be preserved. They admit frankly that this is not only for aesthetic considerations but for economic ones, since scenic attractions are the chief source of the large tourist income.

However, the securing of such stands is a complicated business. Some of this property belongs to its present owners through crown grants. Some of it has come into the control of individuals or companies through government leases. It is obviously impossible to buy it all back, since the present owners may not be willing to sell it or the Government be able to pay for it, so decisions must be made as to which particular stands should be purchased, preserved, tended, and saved for posterity.

Vancouver Island, lying along the western coast of British Columbia, is larger than Switzerland and almost as mountainous. Greenery veils those mountains with variegated tints and shades and textures, for, despite the logging operations, one can travel nearly the whole length of the Island Highway without seeing any of the heartbreaking devastation. The mountains part to make a frame for the water far below, with wooded islets and fingers of bays and coves pointing up into the distant mainland shore. Upon the shores of island, mainland, and islets trees point their shadows into the mirroring water. Sunrise and sunset flush over waterfalls and glint upon peaks of snow. Moon-

light polishes the deep, clear, inland lakes until they melt into darkness.

What part of this paradise should be saved for all time for a world that is being battered into ruin? Surely, thinks the traveller who sees it for the first time, all of it—every acre, every foot. An island of thirteen thousand square miles is not too much for a future retreat and haven for mankind.

Perhaps it is just as well that the enraptured traveller is not the one to make such decision. For even the veriest sentimentalist is ultimately forced to admit that if Vancouver Island had been so saved from earliest time there would be no orchards or fields or farms; there would be no homesites, with their gardens and hayfields; no hotels or camps by beaches and streams.

There would be trees—millions and millions of trees, glorious monarchs of trees. But they would be seen only by the hunter or tramper. For if no trees had been cut there would, obviously, be no highway.

The sentimentalist is forced to retract a little. Yes, some of the monarchs—even some of the most regal—had to be sacrificed to make room for man. But now let us call a halt. Fell no more of these unique and stately conifers. Let them stand forever to show future generations what such forest growth can be. Boil in oil the wicked lumbermen who would in greedy shortsightedness lay waste beauty unduplicated elsewhere on the globe.

Here again the Forest Service takes its patient position between the two opposing camps.

Since it is impossible to save all the trees, which ones shall be conserved? Those along the highway? Those surrounding beloved lakes? Those which are the oldest? Those which are the nearest? Those which are the largest and the most impressive?

Public Opinion frequently displays more energy than discrimination in its answer. Citizens who in the past have been unwilling to contribute the money needed to purchase or to uphold the legislation needed to protect virgin stands which the owners were as willing to sell to the Government as to the logging companies, now advocate purchasing other stands which are so decayed that in a decade or two they will either fall or have to be cut down.

For a virgin forest which has never been cared for is not necessarily a place of perfect beauty. While there may be stupendous and perfect trees standing in it, there are others, equally stupendous, which are spotted with fungus, blighted by pests, blown down by the wind, struck by lightning. Trees are like men: they are subject to disease, to accidents, and, ultimately and inevitably, to the disintegration of old age. The melancholy Jaques might have paraphrased this reflection by saying that from year to year they ripe and ripe and then from year to year they rot and rot, so that an untouched virgin forest is often an arboreal charnal house.

Obviously, if certain stands of virgin timber are to be purchased and preserved, it should be those stands which are healthy and which can be in charge of a Forest Service supplied with sufficient funds to keep them healthy.

Thus British Columbia is trying to solve her forestry problems. If mistakes in the United States are held up as examples to be avoided, so also its progresses, as in the Save the Redwoods League in California, are held up for emulation.

It is well that Public Opinion and the Natural Resources Conservation League and the Park Commission and the Forest Service are united in their determination to safeguard as much as practicable of the towering timber stands. It is well that the lumbermen have come to realize their responsibility to an industry which produces the major portion of the wealth of the province.

Once the primeval forest is cut, it will never again grow as it once grew.

Someday the artist whose coming we must hopefully await will stand upon a cleared and sunny mountain slope where cattle are grazing and a farmhouse extends its orchards, gardens, and pastures. He will try to re-create for those who are to read his novel or to look at his painting or to listen to his music the scene of mighty trees rising hundreds of feet into the sky, making a solemn gloom below—trees whose counterparts can then be found only in guarded parks.

He will remember those first settlers who built their homes here; the years, the labour, the money they expended to clear a single acre and eject those monstrous stumps whose roots seem to go down and grapple with eternity. A thousand dollars, perhaps, for one acre and more than a thousand toilsome days.

Meditating upon the soaring columns of green, vanished as completely as the topless towers of Ilium, meditating upon the mighty struggle by which man conquers and destroys, according to the way of conquerors, and rebuilds something worse, or something better, but, at any rate, something different, he will hear his genius whispering to him:

"Yes, it is true. There were giants in those days."

CHAPTER VI

Wealth from the Earth

IN THE MUSEUM on the top floor of Vancouver's Carnegie Library there is an inconspicuous case in which a few grimy articles are arranged. These are small leather bags, some long, some square, some narrow, and some wide. They look neither prepossessing nor interesting until one realizes that these are the leather pokes into which the miners, rushing feverishly to the newly discovered gold fields, stuffed the precious dust. This was in 1858.

In the same case is a pack of cards, the red figures on their backs almost obliterated by greasy handling. No one can now identify the fingerprints of the players or separate the honest from the dishonest, the deluded from the clever, the successful from the failures. The pack is worn out. The bearded adventurers who shuffled it are in their graves.

But there is still gold in British Columbia—placer gold and lode gold. The frenzy of seeking for it, of finding it, of hurrying back with it, has subsided. The men who patiently extract it from river bed or rocky vein are methodical, hard workers. They make a living, either as independent prospectors or company employees—for placer gold is valued at approximately two million dollars a year and lode gold at twenty million—but the fabulous discoveries are things of the past.

Although gold was discovered in 1855 on the mainland of British Columbia on the Columbia River just north of the present boundary line, it was not until two years later that sudden exaggerated reports started the historic rush of twenty or twenty-five thousand men to Victoria.

They came from California and Oregon and Washington, from Minnesota and Utah, even from Hawaii and South America. Most of them landed on Vancouver Island, and overnight the little town of Victoria was transformed from a fur-trading post to a city of tents and bark shacks.

Flour rose to thirty dollars a barrel; ship biscuits were not to be had at any price. Lumber brought one hundred dollars a thousand feet, and town lots sold for a thousand dollars a front foot. All normal shipping was paralyzed by the unprecedented demands made upon it. The adventurers bought or stole canoes, built flat-bottomed craft, got hold of sail- or steamboats by fair means or foul, seizing

any kind of transportation which would carry them to the mainland.

The coal miners left Nanaimo; the United States soldiers rushed away from their forts along Puget Sound; sailors deserted their ships. Pandemonium broke loose, and there was talk of sending down to California for the vigilantes.

Governor Douglas took the matter in hand with his customary firmness and intelligence. Order was maintained; roads were opened and bridges built. It was the best controlled gold rush on record, and it resulted in extending permanent settlements and in making mining a permanent industry.

When the Klondike gold rush started, forty years later, it was only a faint repercussion compared with the one of 1858. It was, however, sufficient to knock Vancouver staggering as if from a tornado, as the streets became jammed with men struggling to get fitted at the Hudson's Bay Company and get off at top speed to Whitehorse Pass.

Today there are many gold mines in operation in British Columbia. The Bralorne, in the Lillooet district, has taken the first place, long held by the Premier, which is only fifteen miles inland from the coast. Men are digging for gold in the areas of Sheep Creek, Bridge River, the Cariboo and Zeballos. As for the rivers, practically every creek "shows colour," although not always in paying quantities. The most prolific are the Fraser and its tributaries, the

Nation River and Manson Creek, Spruce Creek and its tributaries, Turnagain River and the Kettle River.

But although gold, in value of mining production, tops the list, it by no means completes it. Sixty-nine metals and minerals, including oil, have been found in British Columbia (not all of them of commercial use), and mining is established as the second industry of British Columbia.

The mountains are rich in minerals. One of the world's biggest copper mines is at Britannia, and 10 per cent of the world's supply of lead and zinc comes from the Sullivan Mine at Kimberley, British Columbia.

This mine, the largest of its kind anywhere, was discovered in 1892, but little work was done in it until 1900. Since then thousands of tons of ore have been taken out daily—ore containing not only lead and zinc and a variety of less familiar metals, but the only tin found thus far in Canada, and sufficient for 15 per cent of her needs.

The machinery which separates the minerals from the ore and from one another is complicated, but the principle is so simple that even the non-technical-minded can understand and be fascinated by it.

The ore is first crushed and then ground to a fine pulp. To this pulp are added oils and chemicals; then it is stirred up and air is bubbled through it. Certain air bubbles—depending upon the chemical used—stick to certain particles so that they float on the surface while the rest remain in suspension. This process is repeated several times with dif-

ferent chemicals. Each time the floating material is removed. The three products which result from this flotation are lead concentrate, zinc concentrate, and tailing, which is mostly iron sulphide.

After removing most of the water, the lead and zinc concentrates are sent two hundred miles east to the smelter of the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company of Canada, at Trail.

This is the largest non-ferrous plant in the world. Its blast-furnace rooms, chemical and fertilizer plants, ammonia plant and gasometers; its laboratories and offices and its four power plants using the swiftly flowing Kootenay River; its chimneys and smokestacks, its roads and railroad, create a city of din and smoke and smells, and give employment to thousands of workmen, engineers, chemists, salesmen, accountants, and clerks.

The lead and zinc concentrates which have been shipped here from the Sullivan Mine undergo the transformations which result not only in pure silver, antimony, lead, bismuth, and zinc, but in acids which are used in making fertilizers.

In normal times the metal products which are not required for Canada go to the coast, and from here they are shipped either to England by the Panama Canal or west across the Pacific.

The fertilizers go in both directions—east to supply the prairies, and west for shipment to the East Indies,

the Philippine Islands, Hawaii, and the western United States.

Besides all these metals and minerals and the water power to handle mine and mill and smelter, British Columbia has enough bituminous coal for its own use and for export.

Outcroppings of this had early been noted at Beaver Harbour, and in 1849 Michael Muir, a Scottish miner, with his wife and family of sons and daughters, was sent out by the Hudson's Bay Company to establish workings on the deposits. After sinking a shaft for ninety feet, Muir declared the seam too small to be workable, and left with his miners for California. Although this shaft was subsequently deepened with additional and better mining machinery, more promising deposits were discovered by the Indians on Vancouver Island, and the plant was transferred thither. Miners were imported from Scotland; the Wellington Mines were opened in 1871, those at Comox in 1875; and with the completion of the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway in 1886 the industry was on its feet.

Originally intended to supply local needs and coastwise vessels, it developed to such proportions that ships from the Bering to the Baltic came to the island ports for coal.

The famous Douglas Mine seam was located in 1852, and the following year two thousand tons were shipped, bringing eleven dollars a ton at Nanaimo and twenty-eight in San Francisco. Although coal has been discovered since

then at various places on the island and on the mainland and in the Queen Charlotte Islands, the fields in the vicinity of Nanaimo—some of them extending under the sea—made that city the main distributing centre and the industry one of the most important on the whole Pacific coast.

The pioneers in British Columbia were miners, but there is other potential wealth in the earth—a wealth unlike that of metal, which, once extracted, is irreplaceable. It is the farmer rather than the miner who creates a permanent and expanding settlement in any land, but a number of years had to elapse before the farmer came to British Columbia.

To be sure, Dr. John McKay brought in a few implements and garden seeds and goats as early as 1786, but his interests were those of a scientist rather than of a husbandman. The first farmer in British Columbia was Daniel Williams Harmon, of the Northwest Company, who, in 1811, cultivated a few acres near Fraser Lake and successfully raised potatoes, vegetables, and barley. Later the Hudson's Bay Company established farms around posts and is therefore entitled to be called the first real pioneer in agriculture.

It was not, however, until the miners, moving from strike to strike, had opened up the country that its possibilities were revealed to the stockman and the planter. The overlanders of 1862 had doubtless been attracted by the tales of gold scooped up in handfuls from the creeks,

but they were primarily intent upon founding homesteads for themselves, their families, and their descendants, and after their arrival settlements grew along the great Cariboo Road, which had been built to give access to the gold fields. In the Okanagan Valley, the Oblate Fathers established the Okanagan Mission. Gradually more settlers arrived with their herds until the Okanagan, Thompson, and Nicola valleys were occupied by vast cattle ranches.

First gold, then cattle, and finally farming—this last to be definitely started with the planting of the first commercial apple orchard at Earlscourt, near Lytton, in 1867. It was not, however, until nearly thirty years later that the first carload of apples was shipped from the Okanagan—a small beginning which swelled to more than six million boxes in 1940. Today there are two million acres adapted to the growing of fruit. There are about thirty thousand farms in British Columbia, and 90 per cent of them are owned by their occupants. Agriculture has become the third basic industry of the province, preceded only by logging and lumbering and mining.

The visitor to Vancouver realizes something of this vast pastoral and agricultural background whenever he passes a food shop or market where the berries which have given their names to silks and velvets and their flavours to syrups and cordials—the strawberries and raspberries, loganberries, blackberries, and currants, black and white—follow in seasonal procession. This procession is paralleled by another:

that of the smaller fruits, decorative and fragrant—cherries and apricots, plums and prunes. The larger tree fruits come marching to market: apples, firm and crisp, and juicy pears; while throughout the year fresh and abundant vegetables are arranged in pied patterns that put to shame the mere heaps of greenstuff thrown on counters in cities where there is no such local pride. As for the butter and cheeses, as for the eggs and poultry, as for the great sides of bacon, hams, and beef—these are of the highest quality and far less expensive than in the United States.

If the visitor leaves the centre of the city he finds himself surrounded by so many acres of cultivation under glass that the immediate vicinity seems a vast conservatory. Beyond the city environs the market gardens on Lulu Island, tended largely by the Chinese, are fair and fat.

The dairying is mostly in white hands, and it has profited from the campaign against bovine tuberculosis, carried on in all parts of the province for the past quarter-century. Tests by dominion veterinarians, in 1940, uncovered less than one third of one per cent of all dairy animals as reactors. The dread foot-and-mouth disease has never penetrated into this healthy climate.

Not only has the individual farmer found, bought, cleared, and planted the land, but the Provincial Government has acquired and improved certain areas, and offered the acreage for low rates on long-time purchase. The extending railways have further facilitated marketing.

Various regions are more or less given over to various types of agriculture. The lower coast, which includes Vancouver Island and the Fraser Valley, specializes in dairy products, small fruits, and field crops. The southern interior confines itself largely to fruits and vegetables. The central interior is the cattle zone, while the section traversed by the Canadian Pacific Railway is devoted more or less to mixed farming. In the Sardis and Chilliwack districts the Indians come in to help the Chinese and white workers harvest half a million dollars' worth of hops.

While the specialized farms—dairy, tree fruit, small fruit, poultry, seed, and bulb—have increased, statistics gathered over a number of years indicate that the most successful are the mixed farms.

The small farm, consisting of a few acres of root and forage crops, a small dairy herd, a good barnyard flock, a few pigs, and a team of horses, provides an adequate living, steady employment, and a fair margin of profit without exhausting the soil—and this idyllic setup will probably continue to be the most attractive for the man of modest capital. If such a man uses good judgment in laying out his capital, not permitting an undue proportion to be frozen in land, buildings, and machinery, and if he is diligent and thrifty, he can be reasonably sure of comfortable independence.

The war has brought a labour shortage to the farmers. They are torn between despair at seeing their grain un-

harvested and fruit ungathered and their reluctance to hire Japanese, even under guard. As for those acres of strawberries which used to be the pride and fortune of the Japs, so many have rotted on the ground that many an English tea and breakfast will be without their familiar strawberry jam for a long time to come.

If war exacts its penalties even from this favoured land, so does nature. Erosion and soil exhaustion have become acute enough to merit the attention of the Northwest Regional Council, which discovered that approximately two fifths of the cropland of the Northwest has, on an average, already lost half of its original mantle of topsoil, and that at least 60 per cent in the intermountain area has been seriously damaged by erosion.

The council is urging soil conservation and proper rotation of crops and is taking hold of the situation with such vigour that British Columbia can hope to avoid much of the disaster that the farmers in the United States have experienced.

Up to this time the rich earth has constituted a fundamental wealth of the province. Metals, minerals, and oil are found beneath its surface. Fruits and vegetables, grains and grasses, cattle and poultry prosper above.

The metals, while irreplaceable, are so widely distributed that they are by no means all discovered or exhausted. The crops renew themselves in greater glory every year.

These things are more than commodities. They are tokens of that basic and perpetual prosperity which extends over valley and plain and comes to its climax in Vancouver, the principal commercial centre and market place of the province.

CHAPTER VII

Wealth from the Sea

IF THE FORESTS, and the material—tangible and intangible—which streams from them, await their novelists, dramatists, and poets, there is another element which pours wealth into Vancouver and awaits the painter.

When Paul Veronese painted "The Glory of Venice" for the ceiling of the Ducal Palace, he pictured the Queen of the Seas robed in ermine and blue silk, gold embroidered, with winged figures above her, one of them holding a suspended crown and the other blowing a trumpet, while grouped upon the clouds at the foot of the throne are figures symbolizing Justice, Agriculture, Commerce, and Victory.

Someday a painter will depict Vancouver upon a throne sustained not by clouds, but by waves and rushing rivers, dancing with flecks of silver and gold and copper and pearl. These jewelled colours will represent the uncount-

able schools of fish which make rich the waters surrounding the city and those extending far beyond it, and which, brought to shore, pour that richness into the city and into the port.

Such a painting would not be oversymbolic.

Fishing is, in value of production, the fourth basic industry of British Columbia. It gives occupation to thousands of men on boats, to thousands more in processing plants, and to additional thousands in the factories which make the gear for boats, the machinery, containers, and labels for the canneries.

The visitor to Vancouver is more immediately aware of the fishing industry than of any other. There are always fishing boats at the docks and always others coming in and going out. No matter how far one journeys—north to the Alaskan boundary, south to the United States boundary—there are fishing boats. Along the seven-thousand-mile shore of British Columbia are canneries, reduction plants, fishing stations, fishing wharves, warehouses, and cold-storage plants. On counters in Vancouver markets lie kingly salmon, their flesh gleaming red, their skin silver and ebony.

Every hotel offers succulent broiled salmon steaks and, in season, crabs and oysters and clams. Any hostess is proud to serve as an hors d'œuvre a bit of smoked salmon, shining, red brown, crackling and savoury. "Fish and chips" shops waft into the street the aroma of fresh fried

halibut and sole. Chinese restaurateurs make use—delectable use—of sea food unfamiliar to other cooks—the copper-coloured cod, the fantastic octopus.

However, all the fish that is eaten in Vancouver is but a featherweight to the tons brought in to be processed or exported—more than a million and a half cases of salmon yearly, and about as many of herring; more halibut than from any other place in the world; pilchards and tuna, fresh, frozen, mild-cured, and smoked.

Although there seems to be constant activity both in the fishing fields and along the docks, the fishing industry, unlike the logging and wood industries, is a fluctuating one. Five thousand tons of pilchards will be taken in one season, and twenty-eight thousand tons the next. The following year this may leap to nearly fifty thousand tons or drop to a negligible figure. A run can be abnormally late or abnormally short or the reverse. While there are always quantities of herring and halibut, nevertheless the whole fishing industry is enough of a gamble for a spectacular catch to give headlines to the newspapers and headaches to the middleman.

The small fishing boats, which are as characteristic of every seascape as the mountains and inlets, may be owned by individuals, who sell their catch to the cannery as a farmer sells his garden produce to the market, or they may be owned by a cannery. Each cannery has its own collecting boats—mother boats—bearing the cannery flag. To

them come the fishermen to dump their catch, which is stowed away on ice until the collecting boats are filled sufficiently to return to the cannery. Some handle only one kind of fish; some handle miscellaneous kinds. Some of the fishermen are Canadians. Many are Scandinavians, Indians, and Yugoslavs. Before the war about 14 per cent were Japanese.

The saga of the salmon has been told innumerable times, but it remains a wonder of the natural kingdom, and to recount it needs no more apology than any song of the seasons.

Salmon are born in fresh water, where some remain for a few months and others until they reach their second year, when they may be six inches long or even longer. But all of them descend the river, stopping in favourable pools and lakes, and eventually find their way to salt water. Whether, after this, they go far out into the sea or remain near the coast is not yet definitely known.

When the spawning season approaches the now mature salmon turn back toward shore and enter again the river system in which they were spawned. It is a fascinating possibility that they return to the identical river which was their birthplace and cradle.

It is when they are pushing through this migration to their spawning place that the fishermen make their great salmon catches with troll and gill net, purse seine, trap and drag seine. For at this time the fish are not only close to-

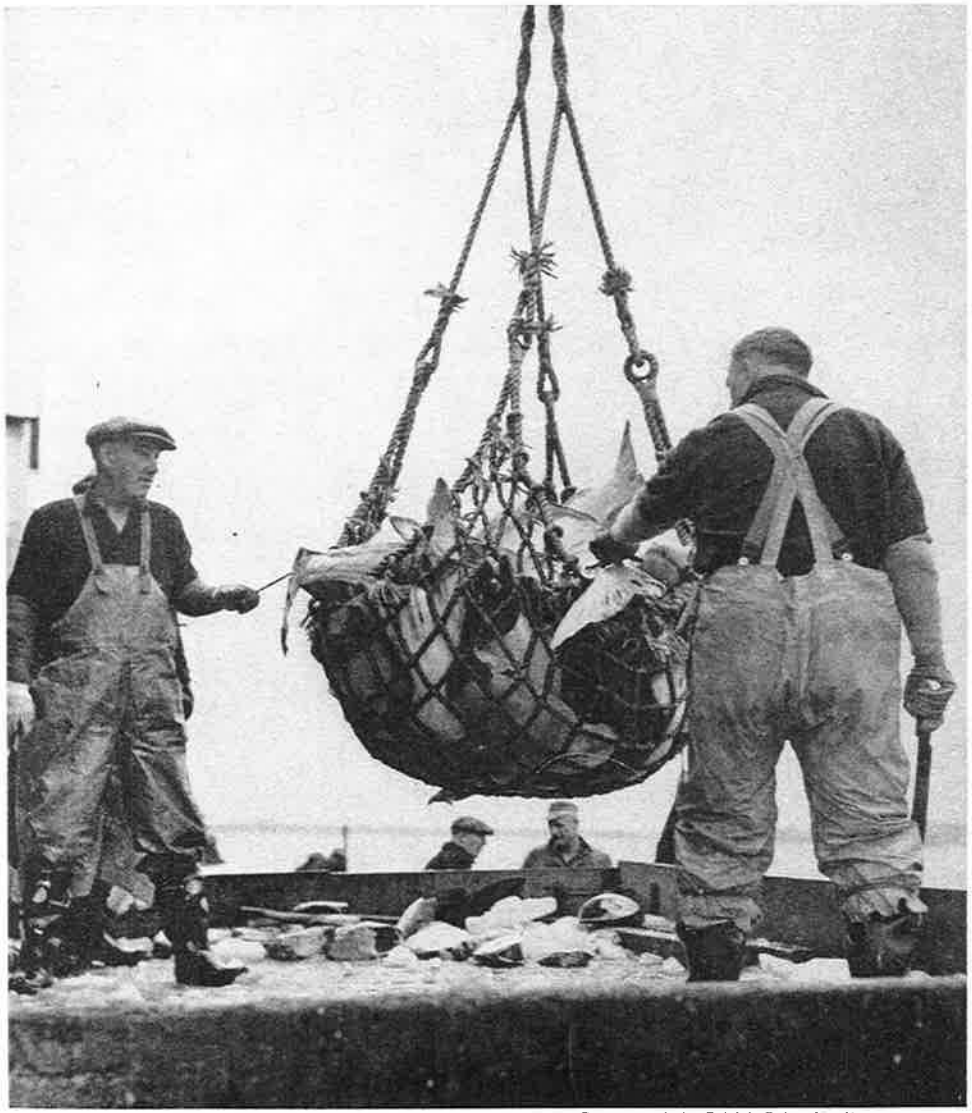
gether in vast multitudes, but they are in prime condition with their bodies stored with fat. There seems to be no limit to the millions of fish swimming, pressing, crowding, to their predetermined objective. Nevertheless, the Dominion Department of Fisheries regulates the fishing operations with the greatest strictness. Thousands of tons may be taken, but a sufficient number must be left to reach the streams and ensure perpetuation of future runs.

Once started back from the salt water to the spawning grounds, the salmon takes no thought of feeding. Its stored-up body fat suffices. The stomachs of migratory salmon are practically empty, and even free from living bacteria.

Having reached the streams, the fish fight their passage against currents and surmount incredible rapids by their own tremendous efforts, or possibly by the aid of man-made fishways constructed and maintained for this purpose.

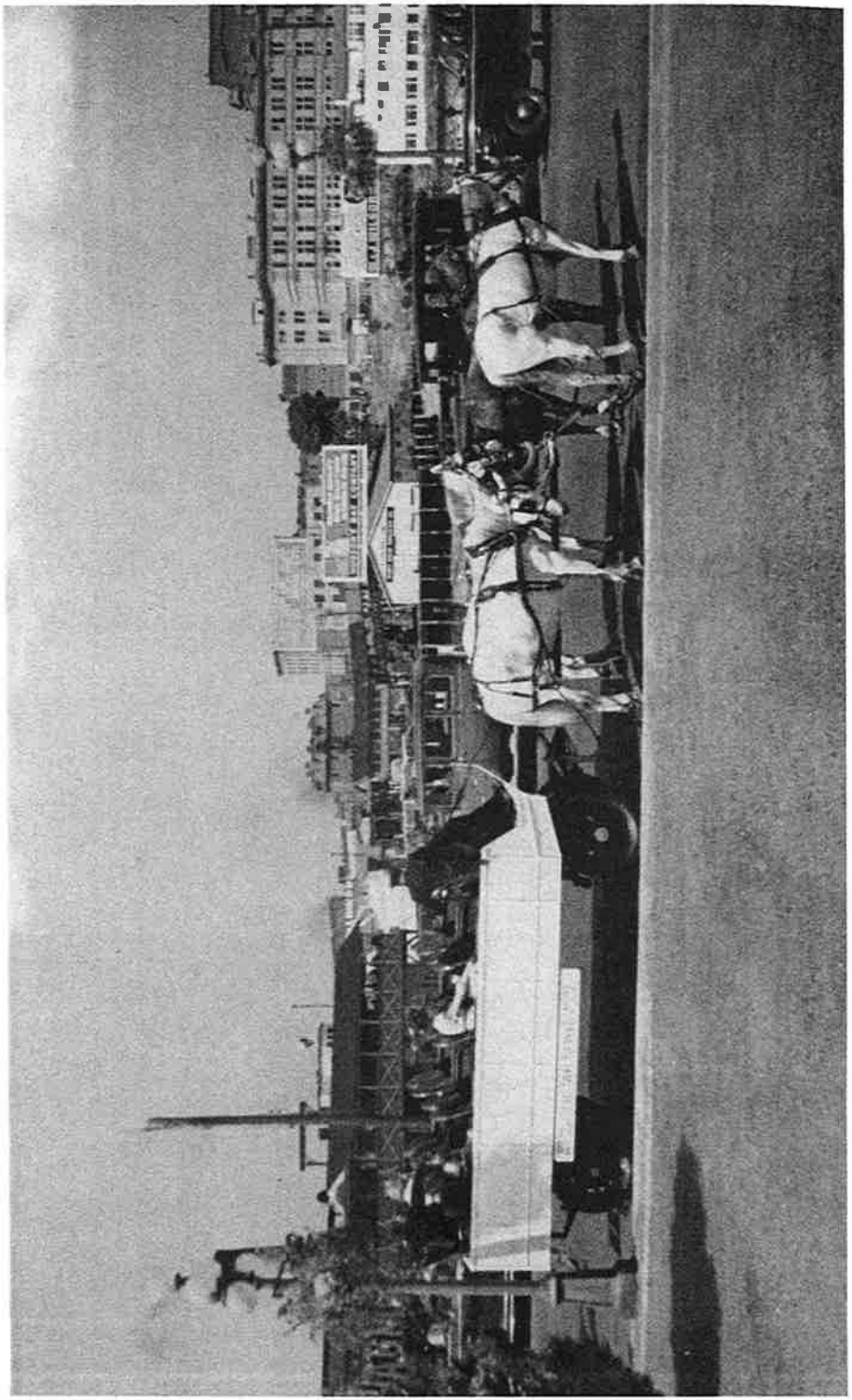
Upward and onward they push, ascend, and battle, so that when they reach their destination their store of fat has been completely consumed—some of it in the urgency of the struggle and some of it in the formation of eggs. Part of their muscle protein and flesh colouring has, like the fat, been used up in the creation and development of the eggs.

When at last the distant and difficult haven has been reached, the fish, with snout and fin, scrape out a little basin in the river bed. In this the female, guarded by the



Courtesy of the British Columbia Government

Fishing is, in value of production, the fourth basic industry of British Columbia.



At the dock is waiting a horse-drawn tallyho.

male, deposits her several thousand eggs. When the eggs have been fertilized, both parents together cover them with gravel. This is the climax. Their life cycle is completed. Unlike the Atlantic salmon, the Pacific salmon spawns but once and dies.

One generation is dead before the next arrives.

For an interim that particular run or family is represented only by millions of eggs tucked loosely in and under the gravel of a thousand mountain streams. There they lie, the length of time depending upon the temperature of the water, until the embryo begins to take form—the first thing visible being the eye. Gradually the backbone materializes, and then the other features become apparent until the tiny fish is perfectly shaped and most of the egg material has been consumed.

Now the infants emerge from the gravel and begin to seek for food. Their enemies beset them: birds, Dolly Varden trout, and other larger fish. Some of the infants escape and grow into adolescence. They are as wary and agile as their enemies. Gradually they descend the river; ultimately they find the sea. They reach maturity. The spawning impulse comes upon them. And thus the cycle begins again.

Since 1870, when the first cannery was built in New Westminster, many hundreds have sprung up along the British Columbia coast, but the largest one in all Canada is at Steveston, not far from Vancouver, an immense and

immaculate plant on that Lulu Island which has been created by the silt of the Fraser River.

Here, as everywhere in and around Vancouver, are green lawns, flower-filled window boxes, and well-tended walks and drives on one side and, on the other side, the water.

At the cannery dock, from June until October, the mother ships gather, well filled with the salmon brought to them by the independent and also by the company fishermen. Out from the icy holds men fork the great, glittering fish to the deck as haymakers fork hay up to a loft. So rapidly do they work that it is remarkable that they can, with unfailing accuracy, thrust their forks into the gills and not into the flesh of the slippery forms; so rapidly do they work that a tallyman, checking off each fish, cannot pause for a moment in his watching and counting.

The fish are flipped from hold to deck, and from deck to conveyer. From the conveyer each one, still glittering as if alive, takes its last leap into a vast bin; each starts its last swim down a flume to the machine invariably referred to as the "Iron Chink." This machine cleans it, removes head, tail, and entrails. Then it is shot to another counter where it is thoroughly scrubbed by hand by stoutly gloved, neatly capped and aproned girls and women. Trimmed, cleaned of all slime, the great, handsome specimen, which is worthy of a silver salver on a banquet table, is ignominiously passed under a slicing machine, which

cuts it in pieces precisely fitted to drop into waiting cans.

These follow each other in a glinting line down another conveyer, passing an inspector who, if she sees a can not properly filled, snatches it off and completes the job by hand. The well-filled can is salted by another machine, goes through a vacuum, a seal is pressed on top, and it is cooked under steam pressure for an hour and a half until the bones are thoroughly softened. The can is then removed from the oven, bathed in lye, cooled naturally, labelled, and slipped into a crate which holds ninety-six half-pound or forty-eight one-pound cans.

In a good day at one cannery at Steveston five thousand such cases are packed, and every can from here, as from all British Columbia, is, during 1943, destined for Great Britain.

The can with its familiar label does not represent all the work of the cannery or all the uses of the salmon. In the adjoining reduction plant every particle of what used to be considered waste is used. The eggs are packed for caviar, the heads are ground for fox food, the livers prepared as mink food, and the rest of the viscera are reduced to fish meal, a valuable source of protein for cattle and poultry. Or they may be converted into feeding and tanning and medicinal oil. Even the milt may be sent to laboratories for experimental purposes.

Different fish are handled somewhat differently. There is some variation in the processing, depending upon

whether it is the salmon season—from June to October—or the herring season—from October to February. Herring is usually packed in tomato sauce, and a million gallons of tomato purée from California is required for every eighty tons of fish. The livers of the halibut are made into halibut oil. The oil from the pilchard is used for soap and paint. Even the lowly dogfish, once despised as a species of shark, is valued, for 10 per cent of it is liver, rich in vitamin A, and its ugly carcass makes excellent fish meal.

A first-class cannery going at top speed is a rapidly synchronized, almost odourless place. The workers in such canneries now are chiefly women: Indian women, white women, a few Chinese women and men, and no Japanese. The workers are paid by the hour—the women from thirty-five to seventy-five cents an hour—and their fingers dart over the cans like a pianist's over a keyboard.

The majority of them live on near-by farms, and the work in the cannery supplements their income. It is a fluctuating income, for when a big catch is brought in it must be handled immediately, and everyone must work long hours. When a catch falls off the hours are less, or the cannery may be temporarily closed.

Everything to do with the fishing industry is subject to irregularity. The volume of fish caught varies not only from year to year, but from week to week and from day to day. In the summer of 1942 there was such a heavy run of sockeye salmon in the Gulf of Georgia that some fisher-

men capsized and sank their boats hauling in their overburdened seines, and other fishermen made a fortune in three days.

At Prince Rupert, where the herring come in once a year, the inhabitants declare that the solid mass of them may be seven feet deep, so that only the upper stratum can be used for the table since those underneath are so bruised by the weight that they must be made into oil and meal. Much of the halibut that is caught at Prince Rupert is sold at auction to cold-storage plants and fish buyers representing houses in the United States. This halibut is packed into refrigerator cars which take priority over all trains travelling east.

Salmon, herring, halibut, and pilchards make up the chief volume of the fishing industry, but tuna is found too, and around the Queen Charlotte Islands are enough sperm whales, weighing a hundred tons or so, to justify a reduction plant there.

Perhaps the painter who will someday depict Vancouver upon a throne upborne by the waves of the sea and by rushing rivers will place above or below the painting the words of the psalmist magnifying the Lord who has made man to have dominion over the works of His hands.

"Thou hast put all things under his feet . . . the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas."

Vancouver City Coll. Lib.

CHAPTER VIII

Fur and the Hudson's Bay Company

ON THE CORNER of Granville and Georgia Streets many Vancouverites now in the prime of life used to cut across a vacant lot by a footpath. Today that lot is completely covered by a handsome white building with six stories supported by Corinthian pillars.

This is the Hudson's Bay Company—a name associated with the history not only of Vancouver and British Columbia but with all Canada, and practically synonymous with the romance and adventure of the earliest fur trade and its attendant picturesque Indian and Eskimo barter. The saga of this remarkable organization is more than a record of business; it is one of far-flung and permanent colonization.

Unlike some of the other big cities in the Canadian West, Vancouver was not created by the fur trade. It was created by Confederation and the Canadian Pacific Rail-

way. It is not one of the most important fur centres of the Dominion. But its development has been closely interwoven with that of the company, and its present fur business runs the entire gamut of trapping, farming, selling, and manufacturing.

Visitors to Vancouver still like to make their purchases of fur at the Hudson's Bay Company. Even the Vancouverites who may prefer other shops for such purchases pause for a moment by the show windows between the Corinthian columns to see if there are any new models in fur coats and scarfs, and to assure themselves that the old stand-bys of seal and mink, marten and fisher, are still up to standard.

For many years the telephone number of the store was 1670—the date when "King Charles the Second of England granted a charter incorporating the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay later known as the Hudson's Bay Company."

The charter granted the Company of Adventurers the monopoly of trade in all the lands, rivers, and straits which they might discover through Hudson Strait. Nobody knew the extent of this grant; nobody dreamed of the potential wealth it implied. From Fort Charles a chain of forts began to creep across the country. The forts, in time, became trading posts. The trading posts, in time, became general stores. The general stores ultimately became the huge, modern department stores of which the one at Van-

couver—with ten and a half acres of selling space under its roof, sixteen departments, and fifteen hundred employees —is typical.

On Vancouver Island, at Nanaimo, stands one of the early blockhouses built by the Hudson's Bay Company, called the Bastion. It is of whitewashed wood and stone, with an ancient bell over the door. The windows have solid wooden shutters, and the thick walls have slits through which the defenders could shoot. The cannon near by are reminders that barter was protected by force; the anchor, that the sea as well as the land was gleaned for fur-bearing animals.

There is no such blockhouse preserved in Vancouver. When the town was rebuilt in 1886, that same year the Hudson's Bay Company built its first store in the new city. It had acquired land from the Canadian Pacific Railway on what is now Cordova Street—although there was no street there then—and the one-story building with a fifty-foot frontage displayed axes, saws, and lanterns on the sidewalk outside, and swinging oil lamps to illuminate the crowded, open shelves inside. But even that primitive Hudson's Bay Company boasted a free delivery service!

By 1890 a branch store was opened on Granville Street which carried dry goods, men's wear, dressmaking supplies, and carpets. This red brick building, continually enlarged, served until 1926, when it was demolished to make room for its successor—the modern department store

which today bulks so conspicuously in the architecture of the city and in the lives of its inhabitants.

This is indeed a far cry from the days when the Hudson's Bay Company was represented by a band of hardy voyageurs and shrewd traders surging westward from Montreal—building forts in the very hunting grounds of the hostile red men, paddling canoes for fifteen hundred miles, and driving bargains with the Indians who brought in the valuable pelts. Valuable, that is, to the Hudson's Bay Company, but quite the reverse to the Indians. For as late as 1812 the records show that David Stuart obtained one hundred and ten beaver skins for five tobacco leaves per skin, and for his last yard of white cotton he gathered in twenty prime beaver skins.

In 1802 more than fifteen thousand sea otter skins were collected. One trader—this was William Sturgis, of Boston —claimed to have collected six thousand in a single voyage. Today the sea otter is practically extinct upon this coast, and a prime skin might be worth six hundred dollars.

Fighting with the French in Hudson Bay and with the rival Northwest Company in Athabaska, the Hudson's Bay Company steadily progressed—not only territorially, but in organization and accumulated wealth.

The headquarters of the company were in London—as a matter of fact, they still are—and until 1940 all the furs collected by the company in Canada were sold there at auction.

From London in 1820 George Simpson was sent to take charge of the company's business in Canada—in case the resident governor should be arrested by the rival Northwesters. Simpson—who was to become Sir George Simpson—united the Northwesters and the Hudson's Bay Company, retained what was best in both, and under the name of the latter dominated the trade and life of the western country.

These were the days when wild and enormous territory was traversed by horseback and canoe! When pageantry was a way of impressing the Indians with the power of the great company. This was the time (1810) when across the border John Jacob Astor was forming the Pacific Fur Company, which he hoped would acquire power in the United States similar to that possessed by the Northwest Company and Hudson's Bay Company in British America. Astor's political ambitions, his encouragement of the expedition of Lewis and Clark, and his founding of what was to become one of the greatest private fortunes in the world for a while ran parallel with the activities of the Hudson's Bay Company.

It is impossible to overestimate the effect that the fur trade has had upon Canada—an effect which must be gauged not only by material advancement but by the bravery, resourcefulness, and diplomacy so developed by the pioneers that they have become national characteristics.

The trade monopoly and the land possessed by the Hudson's Bay Company under the terms of its charter gave it great power, financially and politically. Its history, which vitally affected the history of the entire Dominion of Canada, is one of courage and cunning, strong leadership and loyal followers. It includes names of men who have become heroes in the annals of Vancouver and Victoria. This history and these personalities have been assimilated into the general background and are more or less taken for granted by Vancouverites today.

It is public knowledge that the headquarters of the company in Canada are in Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg; that the land department still has a million and a half acres of the original grant of seven million; that the company also holds the mineral rights in four and a half million acres which include a number of producing coal and oil mines.

It has more than two hundred fur-trading posts, some of them sending in daily weather reports to the Government. It operates an eastern arctic supply ship, motor schooners, small boats, stern-wheelers, tugs and barges, dog teams and canoes. It has beaver sanctuaries, muskrat preserves, and an experimental fur farm. Vancouver's contribution to this vast enterprise, while not a major one in quantity, is nevertheless distinctive in quality. The geographical position of Canada as a whole is favourable for the production of fur-bearing animals, but conditions vary in different sections.

Wild skins still make up the largest proportion of the British Columbia pelts, and therefore the trade in this province, compared to that in other provinces, is still carried on pretty much as it was years ago. Each trapper gets a permit for a certain section or sections. There is a raw-fur department in each province to which he must pay a royalty on every pelt—a royalty which runs from a dollar and a half on a silver fox to a dollar on a marten, five cents on a weasel, and two cents on a squirrel. No skin is permitted to be shipped out of the province without a permit from the Game Department.

In 1939–40 British Columbia produced $1,242,000 worth of pelts; the figure for the whole Dominion was $16,668,000.

The furs from the milder coast regions have not been considered quite as desirable as those from the northern and interior sections, but the men who run fur farms have come to believe that it is diet more than climate that determines the excellence of a pelt.

So while the trapper continues to follow his immemorial trade in solitude, a number of farmers in British Columbia are keeping fur-bearing animals, along with the usual chickens, pigs, and cows, as part of their mixed farming.

One of the largest fur farms in the province is at New Westminster, a few miles out of Vancouver.

Here, in rows and rows of pens raised several feet above

the ground, are about two thousand mink, marten, and fisher, generously and scientifically fed on horse meat, fish, all sorts of grains and cereals, various vegetables, greenstuff, and eggs and powdered milk.

They are well fed, and mercifully killed with cyanide gas, but they receive scant affection from the farmer. He knows that their skins are valuable, but he is equally certain that their souls are worthless, being composed entirely of hate, malice, and all uncharitableness. Males fight other males and females; females fight other females and males, so that, except at breeding seasons, they have to be kept separate. The exasperated farmer would not object to each paying the other back in the coin of a vicious nip, but he has no intention of letting them ruin their pelts.

The soft, sliding little creatures, with listening ears and all bound for the same destiny, are curiously dissimilar in breeding habits. The mink takes forty-five to sixty days to gestate and usually has four or five kittens, although it may have as many as eleven. The marten takes nine months and has a litter of three or four. But the fisher carries its young for three hundred and fifty-five to three hundred and sixty days, and after the birth of three or four kittens mates again in seven days.

The farmer, who must also pay the Government a royalty on each skin, observes these things with unsentimental eye. He paid $250 for his first pair of mink and is having difficulty finding labour to help him care for the

increasing families. And he wonders despondently if women are going to be buying mink coats anyway while the war is on.

And even while he disclaims any sentimental attachment for his greedy, quarrelsome charges, he stoops down and picks up the one uncaged and tame mink that is a household pet. It permits itself to be lifted and fondled like an affectionate kitten. Its slim, supple body seems to be entirely boneless as it curls cozily into the human hand or slithers unafraid to one's shoulder and nestles in one's neck, feeling more like a warm snake than a mammal to whoever has hitherto touched only the pelt of this dainty, darting little creature.

Trapping the wild animals or raising them in pens is only the first step of the fur business. The second step is the auction.

The pelts have been brought to a central point and examined by the buyers before the auction begins. Everyone knows what is to be offered and has made up his mind how far he can go with his bidding. But, true to the custom of auction rooms, he has no intention of revealing his decision until the crucial moment.

There are no furs in the auction room—only rows of chairs behind long tables facing a raised platform holding two pulpit-like stands, each with a man behind it.

A large, white card bearing the word "Mink," or "Beaver," or whatever kind of skin is to be sold, is prom-

inently displayed; the auctioneer stands up and begins that peculiar, monotonous singsong whose very syllables are, at first, unintelligible to the stranger. Beside him stands his assistant, scrutinizing the impassive faces and shouting, "Up—up—up," as first one buyer and then another indicates that he raises the bid. The stranger, whose ears have failed to catch what the auctioneer is rattling off, now finds that his eyes are unable to detect any signals from the buyers.

Apparently these men are not even listening to the auctioneer. Some are taking notes; some are chatting together in low voices; some seem to be merely daydreaming. Only the closest scrutiny reveals that this man raises his pencil an almost imperceptible quarter-inch; that his neighbour flickers an eyelid, while another may go so far as to tap briefly with his finger on the white pad in front of him.

The rapid, ritualistic monotone of the auctioneer goes on; the staccato bark of the assistant; the soundless, almost invisible signals of the buyers—all these suddenly stop with the final whang of the hammer, and the card which said "Beaver" is changed for one saying "Silver Fox."

Although it is customary for the buyers to be bored or to affect boredom, sometimes, at the very moment when it would appear that discretion was most imperative, they fling discretion to the winds and bid frantically against one another, while the assistant excitedly yelps, "Up—up—up,"

until the babble stops as abruptly as it began and every face resumes its dead-pan immobility.

Fashions in fur change. What masculine Britisher today wears ermine, unless he is in a pram or on a throne? Who thinks of miniver as anything but the name in a movie? Furs themselves change. The silver fox is a newcomer, first bred on a farm in Prince Edward Island about fifty years ago.

But a certain paradox remains. Furs, which, in the world of fashion, have become almost exclusively associated with women, are in all their preliminary stages, until they become an item in a wardrobe, in the hands of men.

Not only are trappers and fur farmers men, not only is a woman in an auction room a rarity, but, when the skin goes to the workroom, men continue to guard jealously their prerogative of handling it. A few women are taught the secret of sewing, but almost none are permitted to cut.

It takes from four to five years for a cutter to learn his art, and even longer for a mink cutter. He must clean skins for a year and a half. He must block them for two or three years. He must cut the cheaper skins, such as rabbit, for a year or two.

Sixty per cent of the cost of a finished piece is in the labour which goes into its manufacture. Since it takes from three to six weeks to make a mink coat, it is understandable why it is so costly. When such a garment is completed, the back or skin side, with its intricate, fine patterning of

stitching—a cobweb of design—is in its way as beautiful as the front or fur side.

When it is finished, a girl is allowed to model it, a saleswoman to display and praise it, before another woman finally buys it.

The traditional reluctance of men to admit women into what the former regard as their special craft, business, trade, or profession has resulted in shortage difficulties. Even in peacetime expert cutters are hard to keep in Canada, with New York salaries luring them across the border. In wartime the shortage is even more acute.

Ever since 1665, when Sir George Carteret and two bearded *coureurs de bois* took to King Charles in England a scheme for gathering in the vast beaver wealth of Canada and were referred to the dashing Prince Rupert, who was the King's cousin, and for centuries before in other countries, furs have been an adored femine luxury. And yet everything to do with them—securing them, selling them, buying them—demands a special aptitude which, except among the Indians, has been considered exclusively masculine.

In Vancouver there is a woman who has upset the theory. She recognizes quality and value instinctively. She was born with the flair for handling and estimating skins.

Today she heads the fur department of the Hudson's Bay Company—that company which has never forgotten that it made its earliest profits and wrote its first romance

in fur. Men in the trade, trappers, buyers, men in the workrooms, cutters and blockers, regard her regretfully.

"What a pity," they say, "that you were born a woman!"

CHAPTER IX

Canadian Mosaic

IF ONE'S FIRST IMPRESSION of the people of Vancouver is that most of the men have English faces and a great many of the women the red-brown hair that hints of heather, almost simultaneously with this first impression flashes a second which is quite different.

There goes a turbaned and bearded East Indian, returning from his day's labour in a sawmill to his home near the Sikh temple. At the corner, waiting for a tram, stands a Chinese woman in her becoming high-collared and embroidered costume, holding the hand of a tiny child with black bangs and twinkling, almond eyes. The proprietor of that moving-picture house—judging from the name above it—is an Italian. The names over yonder café suggest that here, as elsewhere, when Greek meets Greek he opens a restaurant. On a rack by a newsstand are papers printed in Swedish, in Norwegian, in Finnish. There is no doubt

that yonder rather short, deep-chested man with wide cheekbones and coppery complexion has more than a dash of Indian blood. This full-skirted woman, with her hair in two long braids and with a brilliant shawl over her shoulders—is she a gipsy? Or is she a Russian?

Canada is a British dominion, yet half of its population has no British blood. More than one fourth of that population speaks French.

To be sure, the majority of the French are in the East. A visitor to this western city would hardly be aware of their statistical numbers and political pressure except for the fact that the currency is stamped in two languages; ration cards are printed in two languages; all laws and government proclamations are in both French and English. Air mail goes "Air Mail" and also "Par Avion." Passengers on railway trains are warned: "Avoid danger from fire" and also: "Évitez les dangers du feu."

Although for many years the British Columbian member in the House of Commons was a French Canadian, French influence and speech are slight in Vancouver.

Rather oddly, so is Spanish, although it was a Spaniard —Don José Narváez—who, in 1791, was the first white man to sail into the outer harbour and see the land which is now Point Grey and is the home of the University of British Columbia. Except for a few place names—Cordova Street, Cadero Street, Spanish Banks, Langara, Narvaez

Drive—there is nothing in customs, in architecture, in taste to recall the nation which once asserted sovereignty over the whole Pacific coast of the Americas.

Juan de Fuca sounds Spanish enough, but present-day history assures us that it was merely adopted by Apostolos Velerianos, a native of Cephalonia. History further adds that Juan de Fuca's voyage, which had as its objective the discovery of the Strait of Anian and wound up by entering the waters which now bear his name, is generally regarded as apocryphal. History then concludes by doubting if there ever existed any such man as Juan de Fuca. In any case, there are only a few hundred Spanish in Vancouver today to argue their prestige.

There are, however, so many representatives of Europe and Scandinavia and the Orient in the city that in 1938 one of the public schools in the East End listed pupils from thirty-five different nations—all getting along together, it might be added, much better than their elders in the home countries.

One of the largest, most vocal, and most visible groups is the Scotch—that remarkable people who here, as elsewhere, manage to enjoy the privilege of being Britishers while proudly retaining their own individuality.

Scotland contributed many of the men who shaped the early destiny not only of British Columbia but of all Canada—among them Lord Mountstephen, Lord Strathcona, Sir James Douglas—and from that time to this,

Scotch customs, as differentiated from English, have been honoured and preserved.

There is not only a statue of Robert Burns in Stanley Park but a Robert Burns Night, with haggis and bagpipes, in the yearly calendar of events. The annual and widely attended Caledonian Games are an opportunity for piping and drumming, strathspeys and reels, Highland flings and sword dances.

There are no less than thirty-five Scotch organizations in Vancouver, and it is perhaps not overstating it to aver that all of them at some time during the year write to the newspapers to protest against the misuse of "Scotch" and "Scots," that all of them delight in bagpipes—which have been selected as the official instrument of the R.C.A.F.—and that all of them dance with vigour and amazing endurance.

Like the Scots, those other Britishers, the Welsh, contrive to preserve their distinctive flavour and to glory in those names which are so difficult for non-Welsh to spell and quite impossible for them to pronounce. There are not a great many Welsh in British Columbia —about ten or eleven thousand—and, since they were attracted there by mining, comparatively few live in Vancouver.

As for the Irish—here, as in the United States, they are assimilated so quickly into the social and political fabric that it is difficult to trace them.

The Scots, Welsh, and Irish are a large integral and progressive element in the life of the city.

So are the Scandinavians.

The Swedes—about fourteen thousand of them—have their own church, their own newspaper, their *smörgåsbord* restaurants, and their yearly celebration of Bellman's Day. Many of those who are outside are in lumber camps—for which they are fitted through physique and tradition. Those who live in the city have become entirely a part of the urban life.

The Norwegians are somewhat fewer than the Swedes but, like them, gravitate to lumbering and fishing.

The Danes—four thousand in Vancouver—have built not only their own church, with little boats suspended from the ceiling in the manner of the homeland, but they also own some of the best restaurants and bakeshops.

The Finns, although they built the first community hall in the city, are chiefly in fishing settlements up and down the coast. Most of the Finns—a thousand or so—came, not direct from Finland, but via Minnesota and Michigan.

Nothwithstanding their American interlude, they retained their Finnish ideal of co-operatives sufficiently to start a co-operative settlement in this new and British world. It began with the Finnish coal miners at Nanaimo, who persuaded the Provincial Government to grant them the whole of Malcolm Island—twenty-eight thousand acres—on condition that the Finnish Co-operative Com-

pany should bring three hundred and fifty families to the island in the next seven years. They thereupon set to work to improve the land, build schools, wharves, and roads. They had their own reeve and postmaster; their own hospital and sawmill; their own fishing industry, with tugboats and salmon nets.

The places of some of the original settlers have been taken by others—the Finnish model of a co-operative community has been somewhat modified. But Sointula is still largely Finnish, which means that men and women and children work hard, ski hard, and scrub and scour hardest of all.

Swedes, Norwegians, Finns, Danes, Icelanders—these people in their own countries have worked out the most successful democracies the modern world has known, where no one was destitute, no one was illiterate. A sad proportion of them have seen their institutions violated, their homes defiled. The present generation may never see again the wholesome, just, and simple life which made Scandinavia a model in social experimentation. It is fortunate that there are enough people with Scandinavian blood in their veins and brains in their heads to infuse into this newer civilization the love of education, the delight in outdoor sport, the interest in progressive legislation that has characterized them in their native land.

Germans, leaving home to escape the oppression and misery resulting from wars, found British Columbia a

sanctuary—a fact which other Germans, at present in Canadian internment camps, might profitably ponder.

Swiss, whose tongue is often German, were imported by the C. P. R. to promote alpine climbing in the Rockies, and many have chosen to settle in the mountains, in Edelweiss, near Golden, British Columbia, and in the upper Columbia Valley between Golden and Invermere.

Dutch money helped finance the construction of the C. P. R., and Van Horne, who became its president, and Andrew Onderdonk, who was its contractor for its British Columbia lines, were both proud of their Dutch descent. Approximately two thousand Vancouverites of that descent have made comfortable fortunes in dairy farming and market gardening.

Ever since the first World War, when half a million Canadians served in Flanders, there has been a special bond between the Belgians and Canadians. Previous to the German invasion of Belgium, Antwerp was the chief continental European port for C. P. R. steamships, and Belgians have helped in developing tourist resorts across the Dominion such as Harrison Hot Springs, near Vancouver.

It was not difficult for British Columbia to assimilate the Germans, Dutch, Swiss, and Belgians, but the Russians presented a more complex problem.

After the Russian Revolution a great many White Russians came to Canada by way of Vladivostok and established farms and dairies and magnificent choirs. Today

they crowd the agricultural courses at the university, and —true to Slavic tradition—fling themselves passionately into argument and discussion. The native-born argue with the foreign-born, the Bolsheviks with the non-Bolsheviks, the university graduates with the non-university graduates.

There are Orthodox Russians with their own church, and there are also among them Roman Catholics, Lutherans, Evangelicals, Mennonites, and Doukhobors—and it is this last group which have given the British Columbia authorities many a headache.

The Doukhobors believe that they are descended from Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, those intrepid youths who were cast into the fiery furnace and emerged with not a hair of their heads singed, or their coats changed, or the smell of fire upon them.

When the Canadian Government agreed to a settlement of seventy-five hundred Doukhobors the agreement included not only free homesteads, but exemption from military service. The first two thousand arrived in Halifax in 1899 and settled first on homesteads assigned to them in northern Saskatchewan. In 1908 they got two large tracts of land in British Columbia—at Brilliant and Grand Forks—and it is here that about six thousand of the twenty thousand now in Canada are to be found.

The experience of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego may not have left a mark upon their bodies or their garments, but it must have done something to their point of

view, which is sufficiently reflected in their descendants to have earned them the title "Spirit Wrestlers." For the Doukhobors do not fear the fires of controversy any more than their progenitors did the furnace of Nebuchadnezzar. They believe in internationalism, vegetarianism, and in holding all things in common. They also believe in taking care of their own aged, and any community Doukhobor who reaches sixty may retire from work with full board and lodging for the rest of his life.

There would have been no difficulty if they had confined themselves to these convictions, but they also refused to bear arms, believing that the taking of human life is contrary to the teachings of Christ. The reason that they refuse to register births or to send their children to school is that they fear this would lead to the official supervision and the enforced military service which they left Russia to escape.

When there is a clash between them and the civil authorities, they resort to a remarkable protest. They parade in the streets stark naked—and this protest seems to be singularly effective.

As a matter of fact, the majority of Doukhobors have adapted themselves to Canadian conditions and have accepted the public schools and registration of births. Only the Sons of Freedom—about a thousand strong—remain obstinate and hold over the heads of their respectable neighbours the anticipatory horror of a nude parade.

This small segment of the Russian immigration has created some problems.

But all racial problems are dwarfed by the oriental.

This has been, still is, and bids fair to be for a long time to come a truly complicated one, which will probably never be understood in its entirety by anyone who has not lived on the west coast of Canada or of the United States.

The first Orientals in British Columbia were the Chinese. Vessels from the Far East brought them in as sailors, and they slipped quietly ashore. The gold rush (1858) brought more. By 1875 there were a thousand mining in Cariboo, but the majority were willing to do anything which would bring a regular return, no matter how small. Toward the end of the seventies the Canadian Government permitted its contractor to import more than six thousand to help in the construction of the British Columbian section of the C. P. R., and found them reliable, steady workmen, content with low wages and long hours.

However, nearly sixty years ago certain farsighted Canadians realized that a racial group which was impossible to assimilate, and whose standard of living was such that the white man could not compete with it, had already become an economic threat and was destined to become an even greater one.

In 1885 the Dominion Parliament imposed a tax of fifty dollars on every Chinese entering Canada. This proving no

barrier, in 1900 it was raised to one hundred dollars and in 1903 to five hundred. Even so, the Chinese continued to come in, and in 1923 the Immigration Act was passed, which absolutely prohibited—with a few almost negligible exceptions—any more Chinese immigrants.

But although no more Chinese can enter Canada, and although so many of the older ones return to China to die, there are about ten thousand in Vancouver. Only 5 per cent are women, but nevertheless 30 per cent are native born, for their abhorrence of excess does not apply to the birth rate.

The second and third generations are taller, sturdier, whiter-skinned than those preceding them. They go to the public schools, although they have their own night schools, they wear western clothes, and they are, at present, quite justifiably enjoying being told how much the Allies admire China.

Actually, Vancouverites have always appreciated certain things about the Chinese. They have enjoyed going down to Chinatown, with its congested and gilded and carved store fronts, with its mixed odours of sandalwood, fish, ginger, and jasmine, with its gliding inhabitants, the old faces so wise, the young ones so merry, and the middle-aged so bland.

They have enjoyed eating an unanalyzable and delectable meal with rice served in dainty bowls and tea in handleless cups, while the radio wailed inquiries and wailed

replies in strange cadences. They are on friendly terms with the man who sits behind the counter, keeping his accounts on an abacus, and writing from right to left with a fine brush which transforms the page into a delicate design.

They have enjoyed an occasional evening at the Chinese Theatre, and shopping in the shops once stuffed with brocades and silks and ivories and porcelain, and now growing emptier and quieter.

They have smiled at the shy, doll-like babies and curiously watched the printing of the newspaper, for which the ten thousand separate and symbolic characters must be set by hand. When, or if, Chinese typewriters and linotype machines are invented, one wonders if they will have to be, in relation to the operator, like the Brobdingnag piano to Gulliver, as he ran breathless up and down the bench, whacking at the keys with his cudgel.

The Chinese are merchants, businessmen, labourers, cooks, gardeners, and houseboys, and today, with China an ally of the United Nations and a labour shortage that is handicapping the farmer, the housewife, and the hotelkeeper, everyone reminds everyone else that the Chinese have always been cleanly and industrious and temperate; that they have been law-abiding, usually confining actions which might necessitate the police to their own private tongs; that they have never had territorial ambitions. And everyone ends up by asking everyone else, "Do you know

of a good Chinese houseboy?" or, "Where do you think I might find a Chinese gardener?"

Although in what was called the Oriental Problem the Japanese were lumped with the Chinese, there has always been a difference between the two in the minds of Vancouverites.

The Japanese did not begin to arrive in British Columbia until long after the Chinese. Prior to the Russo-Japanese War (1904–05) their immigration had been negligible. It was not until after Canada's adherence to the Anglo-Japanese commercial treaty (1907) that the sons of Nippon began to arrive in numbers.

Like the Chinese, they proved themselves hard-working and content with small wages but, unlike the Chinese, very early began to reveal those territorial ambitions which made the wiser British Columbians uneasy. Various laws were formulated, and some were passed to handle the situation. In 1900 the legislature passed an act requiring all persons who wished to enter the province to be able to read in some European language. This failed to become a law. Then an understanding, euphemistically termed a gentleman's agreement, was reached with the Emperor of Japan that he should forbid the emigration of his subjects to Canada. But his subjects got around this by obtaining passports to Hawaii and continuing their journey from there. In 1907 more than seventy-six hundred got into British Columbia by this route. In 1907 there were actual

race riots in Vancouver, and the following year the Japanese Government undertook to limit the number of passports to be issued to Japanese for entry into Canada, and the Canadian Government agreed to admit bearers of these passports. Furthermore, all immigrants were prohibited from landing unless they came direct from the land of their birth or nationality—and, as there were no ships coming directly from Japan to Canada without stops, this did definitely slow down entries.

In 1909 less than five hundred succeeded in getting into British Columbia. However, the Japs were adept first in evading the law, and after their arrival they were equally adept in invading the economic field.

Almost before British Columbia was alive to the situation there were Japs everywhere: in sawmills and canneries; in fishing boats; on farms and in cleaning establishments; behind barbers' chairs and shop counters.

Their dwellings and stores turned Powell Street into Little Tokyo. Their ever-increasing babies filled first cradles and then schools. No one suspected covert activity when polite, yellow-skinned "tourists" bought every conceivable photograph showing the water front or an industrial area or tall buildings against the sky line.

When Japan entered the war Vancouver estimated its Japanese population at 9,108.

Now there was no longer any room for argument. It was necessary for British Columbia to do what California had

done: remove these aliens—those who were loyal as well as those who were government agents and spies—out of their fishing boats, in so many of which were discovered short-wave sending and receiving radio sets, and out of the coastal zone.

Unlike California, British Columbia took plenty of time—far too much time—about this. It was staggered by the difficulty of first cleaning out Little Tokyo in Vancouver and other Little Tokyos throughout the province, and then of interning the evacuees temporarily, and finally of deciding on places in the interior where they could be safely settled for the duration.

Nobody wanted them—not even the farmers who were in sore need of labour. The fruit trees could go unpicked, the strawberries could rot on the vines, even if England had to forgo strawberry jam for breakfast. In Grand Forks citizens threatened to fight if the Japs were added to the Doukhobors.

Vancouver dallied and temporized. In the summer of 1942, when about three thousand were interned at Hastings Park, tourists were amazed to see Japanese men on the streets, Japanese women in the shops, Japanese children on the beaches. They were all interned, to be sure, but they were allowed to leave their confinement in the morning if they would be obliging enough to come back to it at night.

It was not only the difficulty of uprooting such numbers

of firmly entrenched inhabitants, settling up their business establishments, and arranging for the disposal of their real estate. It was also because the Vancouverites—even those who were most keenly apprehensive of actual invasion—could not work themselves up to a frenzy of hatred and ruthlessness toward individuals they had known long, familiarly, and agreeably.

"If your people came across the ocean and attacked Vancouver, would you cut my throat?" laughingly asked a housekeeper of the Japanese houseboy who had been a model of faithfulness for a decade.

"No, no, Missee Smith," the boy assured her earnestly. "You see, if Japs come, I cut Missee Brown's throat, and Missee Brown's boy cut your throat."

Although this evidently carefully understood pre-arrangement had the virtue of courtesy, it rather upset Mrs. Smith.

The Japanese themselves were not unduly upset.

Doubtless there were—especially in the younger generation—men and women who were loyal to the land of their adoption. Doubtless others mendaciously professed such loyalty. But practically all accepted their evacuation with cheerfulness. As places of settlement were provided for them, the women took their sewing machines and the men went to work in orchards and gardens and hayfields—undemanding and smiling. Since they are citizens of Canada, they cannot be deported. Since their birth rate so far

outraces that of the whites, it is evident that British Columbia will have a racial problem on its hands for a long time to come.

There is one more oriental group in Vancouver, different from either the Chinese or the Japanese, and much smaller—the East Indian. There are only about seven or eight hundred of these in the city, but they are so noticeable—the men with their beards and turbans, the women in their long skirts and draperies—that they impart something of the exotic touch that was once characteristic of Shanghai and Hong Kong.

The Sikhs found their first employment as labourers on railroad construction. A few tried farming, but most of those in Vancouver today are in the sawmills and lumberyards.

Although they are British subjects, their numbers have been held down by the law which insists that all immigrants to Canada must come hither by *continuous* journey. Since there never have been vessels making non-stop trips between India and Canada, Indian immigration was automatically controlled.

The episode of the *Komagatu Maru*, which in 1914 arrived with a load of East Indian passengers, was well publicized, but its implication was not generally understood until recently. The *Komagatu Maru*, a Japanese vessel, had been chartered to transport, directly from Chinese ports to British Columbia, three hundred and

seventy-four East Indians representing many different castes, from high to low.

When they demanded admittance, on the grounds that they had arrived by *continuous* journey, and such admittance was refused, they asked for separate courts of inquiry from the Immigration Board and were detained for about two months. When admittance was again refused and the ship ordered to leave, the passengers seized the ship, the city police and the militia were called out, and there was a lively scrimmage before the *Komagatu Maru* did leave, taking its passengers with it back to Canton. Vancouverites who protested against the procedure did not realize then what they have since learned—that the boat had in actuality been chartered by Germans, who even then were busy sowing seeds of trouble in India.

Today there is no clash between the East Indians and the Vancouverites, although there is little social exchange.

The life of the former centres around their Sikh temple, with its wide, long flight of steps and its oriental ornamentation.

The visitor must take off his shoes before he steps into the pewless interior, with its rugs and embroidered hangings, with its cross-legged men worshippers separated from the women, and with its musicians playing upon foreign instruments. Adjoining the temple by high-trestled verandas are various buildings where visiting Sikhs can sleep and prepare their own food, visit with their friends, and

feel sufficiently at home to turn up their beards in neat knots under their chins.

Some of the younger men have shaved off their beards; some of the women have adopted western clothes; some of the children who have attended public schools speak only English.

But they still remain more or less a group apart. The voyage of the *Komagatu Maru*—a Japanese vessel financed by Germany—was the first and last disturbance in which these British subjects have been involved with British Columbia.

There is, however, a better way than by the printed page to grasp the diversity of races that here, as in other cosmopolitan cities, meet and mingle in Vancouver; a better way than by statistics to judge of their numbers and cultural influence.

For every year there is held, for a week in October, a Folk Festival which is not only a panorama of colour and music and movement, but one of the most successful social experiments on the North American continent—a festival which started, not as a tourist attraction, but from a genuine desire to create from this complexity of races a unity of understanding, endeavour, and patriotism.

The desire was conceived in the heart of Mrs. John T. McCay, and it was born in 1933 with such a fanfare and with such lasting and constructive results that it has been honoured, repeated, and augmented every year since then.

Mrs. McCay came from the prairies. She was the daughter of a farmer and had long pondered why people who were willing to send money to foreign countries to teach people conduct and morals should, as soon as those people came to live in their midst, be unwilling to associate with them.

She found that Vancouverites wanted segregation in the public schools. She found that Chinese girls were not allowed to train as nurses in the hospitals. She found that even after foreigners got their papers and legal rights they remained, socially, foreigners and were so designated. She found that even the third and fourth generations were registered in the nationality of their foreign-born progenitors. She found that she herself had no existence, technically speaking, as a Canadian; that she was merely "a British subject resident in Canada."

Mrs. McCay had already become friends with many foreigners in Vancouver before she definitely enlisted the leaders of twenty-nine different national groups. Perhaps it was the Sea Music Festival held by the C. P. R. in 1929 which gave her an idea. Perhaps it was the pioneer spirit of her prairie ancestors which inspired and sustained her. At any rate, by reassurance, cajolery, and blandishment she persuaded each of these groups to lend to the festival some article they had brought from the old country: a shawl, a copper bowl, a rug, a basket.

They said they had nothing; that their treasures were

treasures only to them; that they possessed nothing worth exhibiting; that they didn't remember where they had stored such things.

She persisted; she coaxed; she won her point.

Finally the day arrived, and at four o'clock groups began to straggle into the festival rooms, with bundles in their hands. Was this embroidered shawl good enough? Would this hand-hammered copper bowl do? Was it possible anyone would care to see this basket?

Would they do?

Each group was given a section and told to arrange the things they had, with such trepidation, unpacked from chests and trunks and boxes, and which had been for so long shamefacedly hidden away.

By midnight there was such an array of embroideries, textiles, and laces; of silver and copper and jewelled heirlooms; of pottery, porcelain, glass, and china; of rugs, musical instruments, and illuminated books as had never before been seen on the west coast.

All Vancouver came to see them. Vancouver had never imagined such a display. Vancouver saw with astonishment that Croats and Czechoslovakians and Yugoslavs and Hungarians had a heritage of beauty.

Not only the Vancouverites were astonished.

The Greeks admired the Scandinavian weaving. The Mexicans and Armenians approvingly examined each other's silverwork. The Austrians and the Estonians, the

Chinese and the Poles marvelled at one another's treasures.

It was an enormous—a spectacular—success.

But it was only the beginning of the Folk Festival.

There are other arts besides the handicraft. The next year there was singing, with each group in the native costumes they had put away in embarrassment when they arrived in the New World.

This year, and every year since, the American Indians were made the hosts. Visitors walked first through the Indian section, hung with blankets and featherwork and baskets and carvings in stone and wood. Before they had time to examine all the other sections came a sound of singing.

In surged various groups: Russians, Icelanders, Rumanians, and Serbs, clad in their bright costumes, singing as they came down the room, singing as they took their places on the platform, singing as the amazed audience listened—and then applauded.

The Jews marched in, intoning their solemn plain song. The Negroes marched in, and their sweet and mournful spirituals swelled to the roof. German lied followed French chanson. It was a festival of music.

But singing did not complete the program.

There was folk dancing—vigorous Swedish rhythms, wild gipsy tangos, Spanish fandangos, languorous East Indian temple dances.

And now Vancouver rubbed its eyes and sat up.

Every year since then the Folk Festival has swept through its triumphant week. Even in 1941 every single group which had ever been represented sent its delegates—probably the only place on the globe where peoples whose countries were at war came together without enmity.

Not all the groups danced. Some have confined themselves to handicrafts, some to singing, some to dancing, and some have excelled in all three.

The last people to join were the English. They offered no distinctive handicraft. A little self-consciously they put on a morris dance. But finally, as the festival gathered prestige, even the English succumbed. A group of them got into Elizabethan costumes and sang madrigals.

The Folk Festival was complete.

Down by the water front is the Immigration Building—large, solid, with a bewildering number of offices, waiting rooms, stairways, corridors. From it are controlled about one thousand miles of the boundary line between Canada and the United States (from the water front to Idaho), and also the Alaska-Yukon boundary.

Any person in good health and with sufficient capital to maintain himself and his family is admitted into Canada. And after having been legally admitted, and after residing there for five years, such a person becomes a legal resident. He cannot be deported, and this is the answer to the agitation for deporting the Japanese.

There is no effort to guard and patrol the whole three-thousand-mile boundary between Canada and the United States. It is entirely possible for a Mexican labourer, a German refugee, a Polish Jew to slip across it unobserved. But when such a person hunts for employment he cannot find it unless he can present his papers of legal entry. Neither will his five years' residence confer the rights of citizenship upon him unless he has his papers.

Those who come merely for pleasure or on brief business need no such documents. The many Americans who have established temporary or even permanent residences, and are able to maintain themselves, pass in with the briefest examination of their luggage at the customs office, and are welcome to stay as long as they please and to retain their own citizenship. Before the war, men travelling on business, women on shopping trips, and holiday seekers commuted constantly between Vancouver and Seattle, between Portland and Victoria, hardly conscious of the international boundary. Sunday motorists crowded the main highways between the two countries. This agreeable interchange had no effect upon figures of population, but it did a great deal in bringing about better understanding and trade relations between the people of Canada and the United States. Today, although the travel is less, common war aims and efforts have brought them even closer.

It is a cliché that Canada is underpopulated—a cliché based on comparison with the United States. There are

approximately twelve million people in Canada and approximately one hundred and thirty-five million in the United States. There are only seventy-eight thousand people in British Columbia—a province fifty thousand square miles larger than the combined states of California, Oregon, and Washington; that is less than two persons to the square mile.

Those Canadians who are more interested in quality than in quantity argue that the country is filling up slowly, that it is not hampered by many of the problems of congestion and racial conflict which harass its neighbour across the boundary. Laurier said, "Let the United States have immigration for the nineteenth century; Canada for the twentieth." This suggestion is frequently quoted, and it is a fact that since 1929 Canada has done nothing to attract immigration.

There are other ways to fill up a country than by the importation of foreigners, and in Vancouver it is possible to observe one of them. Children not only continue to be born in ever-increasing numbers, but they grow in ever-increasing stature. The plentitude of bouncing babies, the crowds of super-duper, hatless, stockingless, sun-tanned boys and girls are a testimonial of national vigour from diaper to diploma. This is no optical illusion. It is a fact that a fourteen-year-old Canadian boy in 1943 is as tall as a fifteen-year-old one was in 1923. A thirteen-year-old girl is only half an inch shorter than a fifteen-year-old girl

was twenty years ago. They are not only taller and heavier with each decade but they are strikingly vigorous, with physiques well in advance of children in the United Kingdom and slightly in advance over those in the United States.

Such an improvement in physical stature and stamina as has taken place in Canada during the last twenty years has never before occurred in such a short period of time, and it is an improvement which also applies to the children of immigrants.

John Murray Gibbon, in his scholarly book *Canadian Mosaic*, has shown the complexity of racial elements which have entered into this population. Mrs. McCay, with her Folk Festival, has shown how these elements can be brought into a pattern, vivid and unified.

Vancouver's yearly calendar is a procession of cosmopolitan events. The Scots have their Robert Burns Night and Caledonian Games; the Swedes their Bellman's Day. The Latvians celebrate the Feast of St. John; the Ukrainians observe the birth of Taras Shevenko. There is Norway Day and the Chinese New Year. Flags and foods and games and ceremonials from many nations are a part of the life of the city.

Perhaps someday Vancouver will publish such a calendar. Various dates will be illuminated by the flags of its various inhabitants, and over it all, across the top, will float the flag of Canada.

PART II

Victoria and Yesterday

I Victoria
II Parliament, Politics, and Parallels
III Navigators and Explorers
IV In the Provincial Museum
V Of Trees and Flowers
VI Many Cargoes

CHAPTER I

Victoria

LONG BEFORE the non-Canadian gets to Victoria he has acquired some definite prejudices—either favourable or the reverse—about it.

He knows that Victoria is the capital of British Columbia, and it may strike him as an oddly inconvenient arrangement to have the legislative and political centre of a great province situated on an island, four hours by boat from Vancouver—that is, inconvenient to everyone except the Victorians.

There have been non-Canadians disrespectful enough to be quite bored with Victoria before they have put foot on the island, for this most historic of the Northwest cities is the victim of fallacious flattery. It is usually—far too usually—referred to as "a little bit of England," which phrase, repeated in slightly jealous tones by the Vancouverites and reprinted with lush adjectives by tourist pamphlets all the way across the country, can become tiresome.

Such slight irritation may intensify or disappear as the boat proceeds on its leisurely course first through the Strait of Georgia and then through that of Juan de Fuca. Islands and islets strew the water; passages, some narrow and some narrower, twist between them. There are fishing boats, ferryboats, and tugboats towing scows piled high with cargo or great booms of brown logs. On the shores the sunlight glints on farmhouses, meadows, and an occasional tall chimney marking a cannery. Despite the stern, distant peak of Mount Baker and the white crests of the Olympic range in the state of Washington, it is a mild and pretty scene, when the sun is shining and the water is smooth and when the boat is not too obvious a refutation of the belief that Canada is underpopulated.

It is a mild and pretty island at first glance, but certainly not one necessitating lyrical invocations, and certainly no more like "a little bit of England" than "a little bit of Maine."

The skeptic who has not yet seen Victoria shares something of the perversity of one who is to be introduced to a woman whose charms have been so dinned into his ears that he is resolved not to succumb to them.

And then, as the boat passes the long breakwater and turns to enter Victoria Harbour, the domes of the Parliament Buildings and the roofs and turrets of the Empress Hotel swim into focus with astonishing dignity and grace.

The high, stone wall, with its romantic flight of steps

at the end of the harbour, seems like a parapet supporting the castle-like hotel. The lawns which slope up to the Parliament Buildings are greener than any lawns anywhere before.

Flowers pour over window boxes and redeem the walls and yards of shops and cottages. They shine in brightly patterned beds in every conceivable spot. Even the street posts are misty with hanging baskets of blossoming scarlet and trailing green. There is the clop-clop of horses' feet and the clatter of a horse-drawn tallyho.

Well, there's no use being stubborn. Victoria *is* attractive.

Everyone on Government Street is strolling, except those who are standing still. The horses are drowsing by the curb; dogs are asleep in the doorways; a fat tabby cat washes her face with meditative deliberation. It is all rather like a retarded motion-picture film.

One of the advantages is that there is plenty of time to look at people: at the white-moustached, ruddy-cheeked gentleman in the good old tweed coat, carrying the good old pipe and swinging the good old cane; at the dowager in long jet earrings, sweeping hat, and—actually in this year of our Lord—a feather boa. There is no doubt that these two are doing what they can to keep Victoria a little bit of England.

And so is the policeman, all complete in the uniform and helmet of a London bobby. And so are the shops, with

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And so is the policeman, all complete in the uniform and helmet of a London bobby. And so are the shops, with

their displays of British woollens, Irish linen, English shoes, and Scotch sweaters. And so are the tearooms, with their scones and crumpets, and those restaurants whose loyalty transports them so far that they advertise "English cooking."

Antique shops crowd one another on the main business streets and remote residential streets. They are on avenues, down alleys, in side streets. But wherever they are, they make a specialty of English fireside benches, embroidered fire screens, and crewelwork footstools; of old English crystal and brass trivets and copper kettles and generous, ancient, silver platters and immense silver dish covers and teapots, and ruby glass goblets and finger bowls and carved oak chests and chairs and tables that have been brought across the sea.

The shops carrying new china are veritable museums, their windows vying with the flower gardens. Surely in no place on the North American continent is there such a complete and brilliant assortment of English china. There is Wedgwood in patterns old and new; spode, with its clear-coloured flowers; Royal Doulton, with its beloved characters from Dickens or Shakespeare; sumptuous Royal Worcester; Staffordshire in coppery lustre; blue Canton of familiar pattern; coalport and Minton and the white Chelseaware with raised blue blooms which our grandmothers loved and which we hope our grandchildren will appreciate.

Amid the platters and tea sets and plates and pitchers are hosts of little figures in which fancy and fidelity are entrancingly combined. Kerchiefed, big-hatted flower girls with baskets overflowing with lavender; old women and old men with crowds of coloured balloons; red-coated huntsmen; a hunting dog with a pheasant in his mouth; a brown-smocked peasant carrying two white lambs—all the traditional English figures in a rainbow which beckons from one window until, following it, one is far from the starting place and momentarily lost. No use to seek orientation by yonder sparkle of water or moving sail or motionless ship's funnel, for these seem to be everywhere. No use to look for the name of the street on the post at the corner, for the letters are quite hidden by its hanging flower baskets. Never mind, there is plenty of time to inquire, and plenty of time for the one interrogated to give both answer and direction, very probably in a voice which retains something of an English accent.

Such streets, such shops, such people are what the tourist sees. These and the handsome, grey Parliament Buildings and the ivy-mantled Empress—landmarks of almost equal importance.

These things delight the tourist, and it is well that they do, for before the war a year would bring three hundred thousand, and they were the greatest source of income that the city had.

For Victoria has long been the Resort Perfect. It has

offered climate, scenery, history, and just enough retired diplomats and bronzed army and navy officers—to say nothing of elegant or shabby gentlemen of leisure—to blow a cosmopolitan air through the atmosphere of cozy confinement.

People from California, Oregon, and Washington were constantly coming by boat or motor for a holiday of shopping, or for golf tournaments, or for fishing or hunting expeditions. Passengers en route to or from the Orient made plans to stop over here for a few days or weeks. Hollywood actors and actresses liked to do what they called rusticate in the lofty salons, the dining room hung with portraits of British royalty, the conservatory that is a perfumed epitome of the changing seasons, of the Empress. Producers, with all their galaxy of stars and starlets, directors, photographers, wardrobe mistresses, publicity men, have used the near-by fiord scenery for moving pictures presumably set in Norway. Sometimes, with all such comings and goings, Victoria has seemed not so much like a little bit of England as a little bit of Hollywood.

However, Victoria is something more than the Resort Perfect. Some knowledge of its history is essential to understand British Columbia, and, as the centre of the Provincial Government, its present importance is great. And, after one has indulgently accepted its Anglophilism, one discovers that it has a quality of its own unlike any other place in Canada—a quality created by the fresh fragrance

of a sea and of forests that make Vancouver Island one of the most beguiling flecks of land in the world, and by the vigour of a new country softened by memory of an old one.

The fairy godmothers who stood around the cradle of what was once the Indian settlement of Camosun began by bestowing upon it a climate where the average summer temperature is 61 degrees and the average winter temperature is 42 degrees—which means that flowers and people can be out of doors with delight the year around. The land and the water which surrounded Camosun were the very best that these or any other fairy godmothers could have selected: an island two hundred and eighty-three miles long and between fifty and sixty miles wide, with such lakes and streams and rivers that the fisherman would think he had stumbled into paradise; with such vistas from mountian peak or sandy beach that the artist would know that he had. Virgin forests stood two and three hundred feet tall, with individual trees twenty or thirty feet in girth. Coal lay under the land and under the water; iron awaited discovery. Fish and fur were easy to obtain. There were coves and bays and harbours without number.

Today there are no more sea otters, no more seals. There is less and less fur. Oil has pushed back coal mining, and pessimists give what remains of the virgin forests only fifteen years more under present logging methods.

Economists may deplore these changes, but the island is

apparently oblivious of its lamentable plight. There are still such salmon around Campbell River that anglers come to it from every quarter of the globe. There is still coal at Nanaimo. And, incredible after so much ruthless logging, there are still trees on either side the 186-mile highway from Victoria to Menzies Bay. Nature has done what she could to repair man's depredations, and man is, at long last, beginning to assist her. The Island Highway is a testimony to his repentance and her forgiveness.

It passes through scattered settlements and prosperous farming regions; through market towns and sawmill towns and coal towns; through a dilapidated Indian rancheria. It winds through forests; it skirts a newly cleared airfield. It climbs higher and, on the shoulder of a steep cliff, curves to reveal the water below and snow-tipped peaks above. On, on it goes, and from every rise of ground one can look down on orchards and hayfields, with each drop to sea level can catch a glimpse of camps and hotels by beaches and streams. Lesser roads twist away into those reservations which are becoming parks, beckon to those clear lakes and waterfalls whose secrets sportsmen and nature lovers are trying to preserve from a too-avid world.

From this highway, which threads a little more than half of the east coast, the motorists see a mere fragment of Vancouver Island. Only the tramper or the horseman may reach the Forbidden Plateau, or the remoter lakes and falls. Only the yachtsman knows the islands—their people, their

life, and their legends. Fire and lightning and the logger have devastated whole regions beyond the immediate vision.

But the tourist from the Resort Perfect may, in motored ease, gaze on scenes that were ere he was born—and which will last when he is dead.

From Malahat Lookout he will see through a dark frame of firs the dreaming waters of Saanich Inlet. Wooded islands point their fringed shadows into the mirrored surface; fingers of water stretch into the ravelled shores. The mountains are beyond the shore; the sky is above them all. At sunrise or sunset the mists flush into tender tints and then sink into pale and moony iridescence. The clouds are streaked with colour before they fade into nothingness.

For each beholder this prospect suggests a place he loved in those days when the various countries and climates of the world were scenes of peace. It is tropical in its softness. It is Scandinavian in its clarity. Thus, for a little while, lingering on this high lookout—

How each hath back what once he stayed to weep;
Homer his sight, David his little lad!

The Island Highway is a small part of Vancouver Island, but it is a large part of Victoria. For not only visitors to the capital of British Columbia are made acquainted with some or all of it, but for the Victorians themselves it is a

thoroughfare as well as a recreationway. Breathes there one Victorian, with soul so dead, who never to himself has said (estimating the value of tourist traffic), "Since Victoria has only two tourist attractions to offer—climate and scenery—it might be just as well to save the scenery"?

As a matter of fact, Victoria has a good deal more to offer than climate and scenery. She is no longer the industrial and trading centre, for all the Northwest, that she was in her heyday. But she still has shipyards and docks for the boats that come and go; she has the prestige of being the capital of the tremendous province of British Columbia; she has a population far more homogeneous and accustomed to the graces of leisurely living than that of Vancouver; and she has a unique history.

The Hudson's Bay Company, seeking for a good post to carry on and protect its fur trade, decided to establish one of its forts on the site of the Indian village of Camosun. After preliminary surveys and conferences with the officers in London, James Douglas—afterwards Sir James Douglas—arrived with a small group of men, and they promptly set to work to square timbers and dig wells, while the Indians regarded them wonderingly. This was in March 1843, so that in 1943 Victoria was able to celebrate her centenary.

This first Victoria consisted of a stockade one hundred and fifty yards square and eighteen feet high, with a bastion thirty feet high at each corner, and was armed with

nine-pounders, blunderbusses, and cutlasses. Within the blockade were five stores, a post office, a smithy, carpenter shops, barracks for the men, quarters for the officers, a chapel, and a powder magazine. Since nails and spikes were hard to get, the buildings were put together with wooden pegs.

The stockade stood in an open glade of oaks, in the midst of the dense forest which ran down to the harbour and inlet.

The Hudson's Bay Company had a licence of exclusive trade with the Indians west of the Rocky Mountains—a licence granted in 1821 for twenty-one years and then renewed. It was not, however, until 1849 that Vancouver Island was ceded to the Hudson's Bay Company by royal charter, on condition it should form there a colony of British subjects and dispose of the land for that purpose. The money received from the sale of land or from the mining of coal and other minerals was, with a deduction of 10 per cent, to be used in colonization and improvement of the island.

The grant furthermore required the Hudson's Bay Company to make a return every two years, showing the number of colonists and the amount of land that had been alienated. If, at the end of five years, the colony had not been established or the condition regarding the sale of land and minerals not observed, the Crown was entitled to resume the island. The Crown also reserved the right, at

the expiration of the licence of exclusive trade, to repurchase, paying to the Hudson's Bay Company the money it had expended.

The colony was to be self-governing. A governor with a nominated council and an elected legislature would constitute the lawmaking authority. The Hudson's Bay Company recommended James Douglas for this post, but the Government preferred a man who had had no previous connection with the company. It appointed Richard Blanchard, a barrister of comfortable private fortune, who had had experience in colonial administration.

Poor Blanchard had a miserable time of it.

He received no salary and no allowance for expenses. The land and all the natural resources of the island were owned by a private company. He had the machinery of government but no public affairs to administer, no judiciary, no legislature, and only thirty colonists. All the inhabitants were connected with the company, with which he was soon, and inevitably, in open antagonism.

He spent his time journeying along the coast in some man-of-war or living at his own expense at Fort Victoria and writing dispatches understandably lugubrious. One of them refers to a Captain W. Colquhon Grant, the first settler to arrive. Captain Grant intended to form a Scottish settlement. He came prepared with a Gaelic schoolmaster and—of course—a Highland piper, and seeds of that broom which today is a joy to the sight-seer and a trial to

the farmer. Captain Grant was disagreeably surprised to find that every foot of arable land in the vicinity of Fort Victoria was owned or reserved by the Hudson's Bay Company. He was forced to settle at Sooke, which was twenty miles away, and this was so unsatisfactory that he ultimately tired of his experiment, leased his farm to the labourers he had brought out, and departed. Governor Blanchard reported, "There are at present no settlers at all on the island. Mr. Grant left for the Sandwich Islands some days ago." It is not to be wondered at that Governor Blanchard himself ultimately departed. After eighteen months he resigned, and the Hudson's Bay Company was delighted when its chief officer, James Douglas, was appointed governor.

A more competent man it would have been impossible to find. From his long association with the company he had come to know the country well. He knew how to manage officials and servants firmly and intelligently. He won the respect and good will of the Indians. He had every qualification, from a commanding personal presence to the power of organization, and mastery of detail, resourcefulness, and a sense of justice. If it is sometimes said that he could rule better than he could govern, it is always added that he was one of the greatest men in the history of British Columbia.

Douglas, like Blanchard, found himself between the conflicting interests of the company and the Crown. He

thereupon resigned from the former—in whose service he had been for forty years—and (in 1851) gave himself entirely to the service of the latter.

A record of the first colonial legislature shows succinctly and enlighteningly the situation of a crown colony controlled, in actuality, by a company. The revenue derived from liquor licences "was the only revenue absolutely at the disposal of the houses. . . ." The first supply bill appropriated the sum of one hundred and thirty pounds and was thus itemized:

50 pounds for copying documents
55 pounds for services of its officers
20 pounds for heating and lighting places of meeting
5 pounds for stationery

This completed the record. Nothing was spent for roads or trails, for public buildings or the administration of justice. All such expenses were borne by the Hudson's Bay Company and charged against the money from land sales.

Such a situation could not last.

In 1856 Victoria attained full status as a colony of the Crown. The Imperial Government repossessed the island. With its free ports at Victoria and Esquimalt, manufacturing, industry, and trade boomed. Victoria became the market place of northwest Canada. The great monopoly of the Hudson's Bay Company in the territory west of the Rockies came to an end. The company was still powerful and still contributed to the development of the coun-

try, but as a private enterprise, on the basis of equal privilege.

Douglas was more than Governor of Vancouver Island. In 1858 British Columbia was proclaimed a crown colony, and he was appointed governor of it. From then until he retired (1864) with a knighthood, he occupied and ably filled the dual position of Governor of the colony of British Columbia and Governor of the colony of Vancouver Island—both functioning successfully as separate entities, with the capital of the former at the city of New Westminster.

Two years after Governor Douglas' retirement the Government made Vancouver Island and British Columbia one colony, with Victoria as their capital. This annexation of Vancouver Island to the mainland did away with the free ports of Victoria and Esquimalt. It did away with Vancouver Island's being a proud and independent colony. The decade before this occurred was Victoria's Arcady. It was so independent that it associated with the mainland as little as possible, getting its mail and merchandise, its china and clothes, its mustard and jam, directly from England. It was customary to speak of "going to Canada" as if one were going to a foreign land.

Then it was that Victoria developed the special aroma which has ever since clung to her. This was the time of superb leisureliness, when men came to their offices at half past ten, took an hour and a half off for luncheon, went to

the club at four, and kept commercial travellers waiting for a month. This was the time that a half-holiday was declared every time there was a cricket match or a horse race. This was the time when everyone went to the regattas on the Gorge on the 24th of May and business did not interfere with pleasure. It should be noted that bankruptcy was rare and honesty was usual. Men were neither stupid nor lazy, but there was so little competition and so much fine weather, and so many people who knew how to make and keep gentlemen's agreements, that life was very pleasant indeed.

It still seems very pleasant to the stranger who is fortunate enough to be welcomed into the houses and gardens and clubs of those who are either native-born Victorians or converts to the island and its ways.

Such large, old-fashioned houses, furnished with carved oak chests and deep chintz-covered chairs, and porcelains and brocades from the Orient, and dim leather-bound books published when their authors—Dickens and Thackeray—were still living. Even in these difficult days there are still mansions staffed with white-clad Chinese houseboys or respectable white maids with those forbidding countenances which in London and Boston used to be considered a proper servant's requisite. Yellow-skinned or white-skinned, they serve those tremendous teas which require a table and dishes and knife and fork and spoon, to say nothing of the cruelly depleted tea and sugar, which

are somehow produced—or brought by the more altruistic guests.

Such attractive new small houses perched on a bluff so that one can look out at the water and ships and twinkling lighthouses! Like their larger neighbours, these too have their heirloom furniture, and plenty of books and flowers and pots of plants and a piano around which everyone gathers to sing, while one neighbour comes in with a violin and another with a flute, and everyone seems to have plenty of stimulant with a cup of coffee or a pitcher of home-brewed fruit juice and a plate of homemade bread and butter. Such simplicity is quite as charming as the old, established elegance and much more unusual to Americans accustomed to excess.

If the climate makes a fire on the hearth part of the summer evening, that same climate prolongs the season for picnics on the beach and for garden parties. For just as every beach is the spot for a picnic, so is every garden the place for a party. These range from a group of neighbours strolling over the dazzling lawn and among the flower beds of a friend, and gathering about the white cloth of a tea table dappled by sun and shadow, to the gala events on Government House grounds—great, smashing affairs to which all the townsfolk and tourists are invited and come.

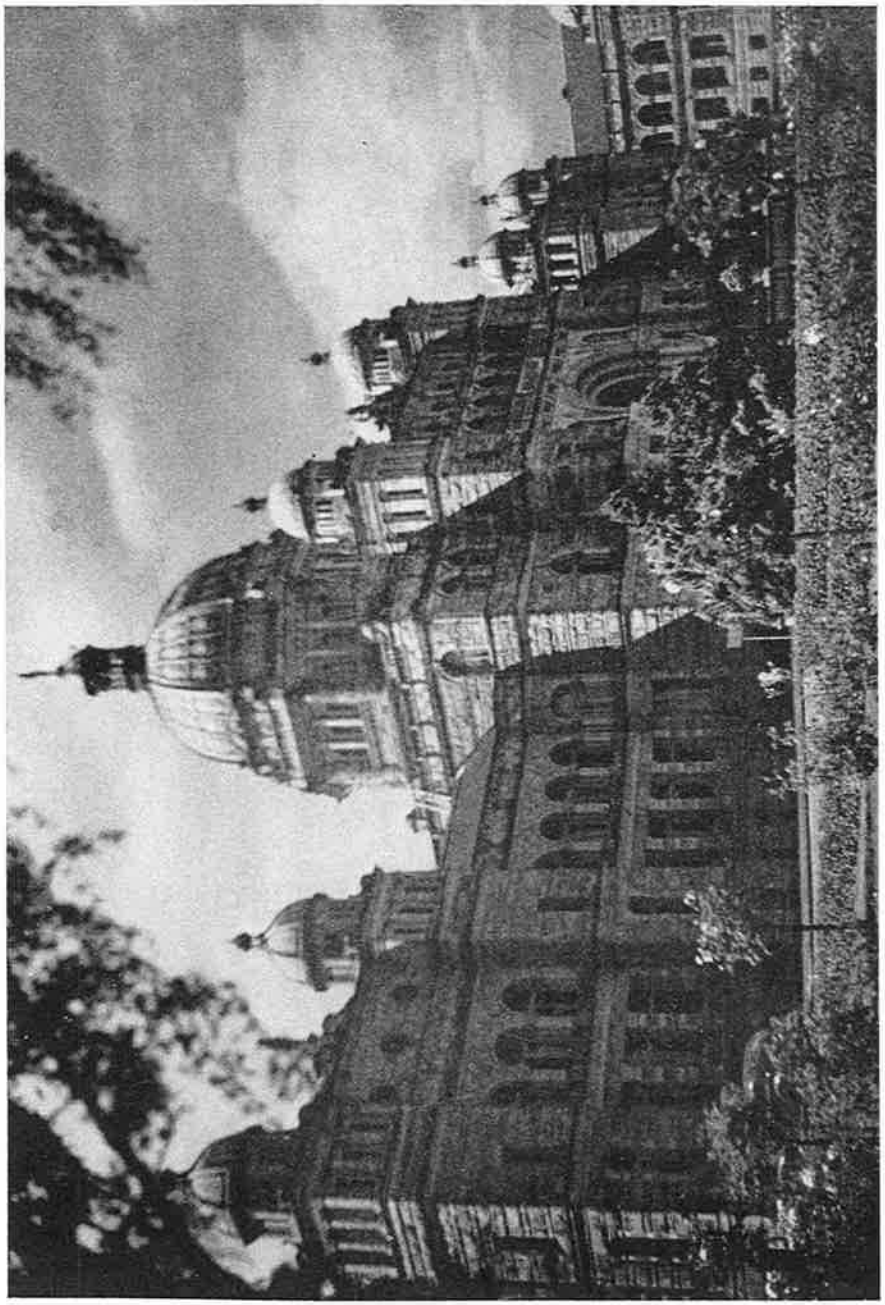
The present Government House, which was completed in 1904, is the third that Victoria has known, its two

predecessors having been burned. It stands amid twenty-eight acres of lawns and shrubberies and flower gardens, kitchen gardens, pond, and summerhouse. To the east it overlooks the blue Gulf of Georgia, snow-capped Mount Baker, and the misty grey of the mountains of the lower mainland. To the south it overlooks the Strait of Juan de Fuca, and the procession of the Olympic Mountains in the state of Washington. To the west, Victoria and the Sooke hills. In wartime there are fewer of those parties which are purely social, and more which are for the Red Cross or war relief. Cars may be fewer and hats may be a year older than they were, but everyone comes just the same. The children ride ponies and tug at coloured balloons. The ladies sell and buy at the stalls of gifts of fruits and vegetables and home cooking. The men try a little golf putting and patronize the pretty fortunetellers and refreshment booths.

It is a small city as cities go—small enough for everyone to know everyone; for the big events at Government House to be almost as cozy and friendly as those in a green, hedged yard, with people exchanging news from the letters which came in the last post from England. It is a small community, but there are plenty of people in it who have come from the great world beyond: retired admirals who served in the Mediterranean and the North Sea; retired colonels who spent thirty years in India or at Singapore. Even in this time of restricted travel, it is a rare



The Bastion on Vancouver Island is one of the Hudson's Bay Company's early blockhouses.



The nobly proportioned Parliament Buildings house the legislative bodies of British Columbia.

gathering which does not welcome a visitor or two from New Zealand or the Riviera or introduce a new resident from the Dutch East Indies or South Africa.

In fact, there are so many authorities on all matters pertaining to history, geography, and world politics that the newspapers have a time of it sorting out the letters which these contributors have time to write—protesting this, arguing that, explaining the other, all from first-hand experience in the most remote places or with specialized knowledge on the most esoteric subjects.

The skeptic who was not going to succumb to the publicized charm of Victoria succumbs. And his surrender yields him nothing but delight.

The history of Victoria, which was once an Indian village; which was once coveted by the Mormons, who were so anxious to found a settlement there that they entered into formal communication with the British Government concerning the possibility of this; which was once a fort and a trading post; which was once the capital of a colony entirely independent of the mainland, with its own governor and its own free ports; which is now the capital of Canada's third largest province—this is a history which could have occurred only in a new world. These things are more significant historically and socially than the fact that there are a good many people in and around the city who hail, directly or indirectly, from the Old World.

The English association gives flavour, but it is Canada which gives substance to Victoria.

It is all very well to dress the local policemen like London bobbies, since this diverts the tourists. But perhaps even the most conservative Victorians will ultimately be won to the realization that it is after all more of a distinction to be a big part of British Columbia than a little bit of England.

Vancouver City Coll.Lib.

CHAPTER II

Parliament, Politics, and Parallels

DIRECTLY under the dome of the Parliament Buildings is a nobly arched doorway flanked by grouped pillars and led up to by a wide and imposing flight of steps. These steps and this door are the focus of the architectural mass which houses the legislative bodies of British Columbia.

To the left of this main entrance is an inconspicuous side door. The great central door is never opened except for the Crown or its representative. Everyone else uses the side door. When the central door is opened, and at no other time, it is possible to get a prospective of the domed hall. This means that not only visitors but also Premier and Cabinet ministers and the heads of all the various departments which have their quarters here have to duck into the side entrance and use a narrow passageway to get to their offices. Except upon those rare occasions when the

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Crown passes over its threshold (and there is such a crowd that it is difficult to see anything) the majesty of the interior is as effectively blocked out as in a sealed tomb.

This is not a mistake or a mere chance. It is the deliberate symbol of the structure of the Provincial Government.

The Governor-General of Canada is appointed directly by the Crown (after the Canadian Government has whispered whom it wants), and he, in his turn, appoints a lieutenant-governor for British Columbia as for each of the other provinces. Since such a lieutenant-governor is, therefore, a representative of the King, to him is granted the supreme privilege of walking through the opened central door.

It is quite fair that the lieutenant-governor should have the power of swinging open this heavy portal, for he seldom uses any power besides.

He does not interfere with politics. He refrains from entering the legislative chambers until he is met by the speaker and escorted by him, a custom deriving from the English provision that Commons has a right to deliberate in private, and that even the King does not enter its House until so requested.

The Provincial Parliament of British Columbia, like that of each of the other provinces of the Dominion, is made up of a Prime Minister and his Cabinet of Ministers and of members of Parliament who are elected by their constituents. Its powers are limited to matters concerning the

province. It cannot enact laws contrary to federal ones—such as those regulating capital punishment, which are uniform throughout Canada. It can enact laws regarding direct taxation, and it co-operates with the Federal Government in reference to the income tax. It maintains law and order in the province, although the Federal Government supports the Royal Canadian Mounted Police—the R.C.M.P.

Thus, in a general way, the provincial governments are like the state governments of the United States, with Ottawa corresponding to Washington.

There are three political parties—the Liberal, the Conservative, and the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation, or C.C.F. The Liberal and the Conservative are the traditional parties, while the C.C.F. celebrated its tenth birthday in 1942. Although it is so young, it has fourteen members, three of them women, in the British Columbia legislature. It claims that it forced the two opposing parties into a coalition. At all events, a coalition government was formed, in 1941, and invited the C.C.F. to come in, which it declined to do.

The C.C.F. is the people's party. In it industrial workers, white-collar workers, small businessmen, and professional men are united by a common social objective—which is nothing less than a fundamental reorganization of society. It holds some of Veblen's sociological beliefs and some of the Marxian ideology that social reform must find political

expression. But it is more fully dedicated to the Fabian theory of a classless society.

The war has emphasized the trend toward democratic socialism and has given tremendous impetus to the C.C.F. It has become a big pressure group, not initiating so much as forcing initiation.

It is rather paradoxical to hear the tall, capable women of Vancouver and Victoria complaining that they have not attained full economic equality and rights. They are so obviously able to carry on their heavy wartime jobs, they are so frank and intelligent in business and so unpretentiously attractive socially, that they seem more than equal to anything. However, they insist that they have cause for grievance in the scale of their wages compared with those of men in the professions and in business. They resent the fact that the principals of high schools should be only men, that very few women are on the faculty of the university and only one woman has attained the head position in a public library. They look wistfully across the border, convinced that the women in the United States are in possession of all these desirable things and are secure in an equality that includes every branch of political and social activity.

Looking across the border is a very easy thing to do, literally as well as figuratively.

The mountains in the state of Washington are part of the Victorian landscape from almost everywhere, and

from the Marine Drive the distance between the two countries seems practically negligible.

Standing here on the shore, with the islands of Juan de Fuca serving as steppingstones to make the narrow strait seem even narrower, Canada and the United States face each other as neighbours—an example of unarmed international amity that might well be pondered in postwar Europe.

The three-thousand-mile line of which this is a segment has not always been tranquil. There have been American invasions twice—once in 1775 and once during the war of 1812. And in this particular part of it there have been disquieting incidents and periods of extreme tension. Between what was then the Oregon Territory and British Columbia the boundary dispute was bitterly argued for more than twenty years.

Many Americans have never even heard of this boundary dispute, and others have conveniently forgotten what they once heard. It is always easier for those who have won their point than for those who have lost it to forget a quarrel.

It is, however, necessary for any American who wants to understand the present relationship to know something of the events which preceded it.

Briefly, England wanted the Columbia River to form the boundary line between the countries. The United States wanted the 49th parallel.

The United States based its claim upon two points.

The first was that the discovery of the Columbia River in 1792 by Captain Robert Gray of Boston, its exploration in 1804–06 by Lewis and Clark, and the settlements made by the Pacific Fur Company at Astoria and elsewhere on that river and its territories, gave her a title to the whole region drained by it, and extending at least to parallel 49. She insisted that the "capture" of Astoria by Captain Black and its restoration in 1818 was recognition of the sovereignty of the United States.

The second point was that, as the successor of Spain, she could claim the benefit of discoveries made by that nation. By a treaty between the United States and Spain in 1819, the northerly limit of Spanish territory was fixed at 42 degrees, and the United States acquired all of Spain's rights beyond that line.

Thus, in her own right, and as a successor of Spain, she based her twofold claim.

England was equally obstinate. She claimed, under the Nootka Convention, the right (in common with other nations) to settle upon and obtain sovereignty of the parts so occupied in disputed territory. She further claimed these rights through the discovery by Captain Cook and the explorations of the coast by British traders.

She held that Mackenzie's voyage of discovery, the exploration of the Fraser River and the settlements on its headwaters, the discovery of the main stream of the

Columbia by Thompson, and the occupation of its upper reaches and tributaries with trading posts before the building of Astoria, gave her rights as strong as those of the United States.

From 1827 to 1846 the controversy raged, and it reached a dangerous climax in the presidential election of 1844 when the jingo cry of the Democrats was "Fifty-four forty or fight." There was no fighting. Neither was the line drawn at fifty-four forty.

The Treaty of Washington, in 1846, provided for a boundary line to be drawn along the 49th parallel "to the middle of the channel which separates the continent from Vancouver Island; and thence southerly through the middle of said channel and of Fucas Straits to the Pacific Ocean."

Although the definition of the actual channel through the strait remained in dispute until 1872, the signing of this treaty did actually complete the definition of the boundary between Canada and the United States, and it left the whole of Vancouver Island to Great Britain.

Although there have been other boundary disputes in a period touching two centuries and a frontier three thousand miles long, this is the one which is, naturally, most keenly remembered in Victoria.

The very factors, geographical and psychological, which created the two countries have, at times, created friction between them.

Canada has distrusted the United States, and the avowed annexionist ambitions of certain American politicians have fanned this distrust. The United States has coveted some of Canada's resources—fur and fish rather than farmlands. Each successive war has heightened tension and accentuated differences.

The American Revolution and the War of 1812 emphasized opposing sentiment toward Great Britain. For the Americans regarded their erstwhile mother country as a foe, while the Canadians still respected her as a protector. The Civil War in the United States brought complications of Confederate activity in a country largely in sympathy with the Northern rather than the Southern cause. (The few Negroes on Salt Spring Island, who fled there for refuge, are a reminder of that time.) The outbreak of the first World War found the United States believing that it could remain aloof from European entanglements and determined to do so. Canada was equally convinced that her active support of Great Britain was imperative. Although the two neighbours joined in a military alliance, the end of the war found them deeply irritated with one another. Canada was staggeringly burdened after her long struggle abroad and resented the patronizing attitude of a country which had suffered less and boasted more. Many Americans were critical of British imperialism and did not hesitate to air their opinions regarding the situation in Ireland and India. The controversy over the war debts—with the

suggestion from some American quarters that Britain should cede Canadian territory in payment—did not help matters.

Two things gradually brought about a modification of this mutual antagonism. The first was the undeniable fact that there has always been the cultural tie of the same European background, and the similar standards of two peoples who fundamentally and sincerely wish to live in peace.

The second was the growing prosperity of the late twenties.

Despite American tariffs, Canada expanded economically. Industrially the adjacent nations became more and more closely interlocked. American branch factories sprang up in Canada, American capital flowed into Canadian industry, mining, and public securities, and American holiday makers discovered Canadian vacation resorts.

The situation at the beginning of the present conflict has been admirably summarized by Edgar W. McInnis in his recent book, *The Unguarded Frontier:*

> The deliberate effort at closer relations, symbolized by the new trade agreements between Canada and the United States, was indicative of the broader political trend which was the outcome of the pressure of world politics. In the face of the growing tension in Europe the two nations of North America found themselves drawing closer together in their attitude toward world affairs. The gap between their basic traditions was still a fact. Isolation from European entanglements remained an inherent American

tendency as loyalty to Britain remained a powerful force in the Canadian outlook. Nonetheless, the gap was narrowing as Canada placed an increasing emphasis upon her American position, and the United States found herself involved, however reluctantly, in the consequences of international developments.

While their common interests were bringing the two countries into increasingly closer co-operation, there was a simultaneous development of their sense of hemisphere solidarity. This did not imply identical policies, but it did inject a new and constructive element into their relationship. Both countries realized acutely that they were dependent upon one another in matters of defence; both acknowledged their readiness to take a full share of the responsibilities which such defence implied. The Ogdensburg agreement of August 18, 1940, established the truth that American and Canadian interests, freedoms, and securities were the same.

As soon as the United States entered the present war, what had been an agreement on common defence became an economic actuality. The neighbours endeavoured to avoid a duplication of industrial expansion and to pool their raw materials "in such a way as to permit maximum war production irrespective of national boundaries." Arrangements were made for the mutual suspension of tariffs on defence materials and some removal of the legislative and administrative barriers to the free flow of essential supplies.

The Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor proved in an

illuminating flash that the entire west coast of North America is a single problem in defence.

It was immediately evident that there must be better communications with Alaska. The United States had neither roads nor railways to her northern possession. Sea communications were slow and vulnerable to attack. The airfields of the commercial air line were too far apart to be used by fighter planes. On March 6, 1942, it was announced that both countries had agreed upon an Alaskan highway to follow or parallel the existing chain of air bases —a route east of the Rockies away from coastal fogs and comparatively safe from enemy air attacks. The construction and cost of this highway were to be undertaken by the United States. Canada was to acquire the right of way and to afford all facilities, and at the conclusion of the war the highway was to be handed back to her control, subject only to the free passage of goods between the United States and Alaska.

Here indeed is the final and tangible proof of the integration of the countries.

Postwar conditions will undoubtedly affect the present situation. While the war has brought about co-ordination in the pooling of raw materials, the interlocking of resources and industries, and the abandonment of those tariff barriers which impeded war production, it has also curtailed normal peacetime travel and the exchange of currency and commodities and has set up new barriers.

Whether this will ultimately result in Canada's strengthening the ties which bind her to the United States and weakening those which bind her to Britain, or the reverse, only the future can show.

There are generalities which apply to all of Canada and all of the United States. Both countries have the same language, the same historical European background, and the same desire to live in peace.

But each is so large that there are marked differences within its own borders. Vancouver is as unlike Montreal as Los Angeles is unlike Boston. In fact, a Vancouverite seems more akin to a citizen of Seattle than he does to a citizen of Quebec. Many quiet Victorian families have their counterparts in temperament and custom and point of view in families of English descent in Portland, Oregon.

For years the British Columbians have enjoyed motoring across the border for brief or prolonged visits. Washingtonians, Oregonians, and Californians have come in large numbers, for business and pleasure, to British Columbia.

The whole Pacific coast of North America has developed broad characteristics which derive not from inherited traditions but from the region itself. Those dissimilarities which add interest to social exchanges emphasize their fundamental congenialities.

These intangibles assume tangibility as one looks across

the narrow Strait of Juan de Fuca and sees the nearness of the United States shore.

The war has brought the two countries closer than they have ever been. It seems unreasonable to imagine that any postwar condition will drive them further apart.

CHAPTER III

Navigators and Explorers

THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS hold more than the legislative chambers and the offices of provincial departments.

They hold the Archives, and this gradually increasing accumulation of papers, pictures, and intimate mementos is more effective than any chronological recital in vivifying the men whose efforts and discoveries created not only Victoria but British Columbia. After a few hours spent here what have been merely names become personalities; what have been merely statements become actualities.

Everyone knows that the Fraser River was named for Simon Fraser, who was the first white man to pitch and swirl and paddle and portage down its perilous and unknown length. Anyone can read that Fraser was born in Bennington, Vermont, in 1776 and was taken to Canada

as a child and became a partner in the Northwest Company; that he built forts, refused a knighthood, and died at Cornwall, Ontario.

But seeing the fine silver teaspoons and the huge green and gold teacup which he used; his watch chain braided from the brown hair of his wife; his sword stick, his mother's brass-bound writing desk, and the high beaver hat made in Paris which he is credited with having worn to impress the Indians, invest him with a certain human reality.

Panegyrists have made Sir James Douglas into a marmoreal figure of perfection, but his lineaments assume a softer expression against the atmosphere of his home. His seal, the gold lace and silver lace and silver buttons from his uniforms, his red woollen Hudson's Bay scarf, and a watch key big enough to wind Big Ben are placed near the feminine mementos of his wife, who was so dearly loved by all Victorians. Here is a panel from one of her dresses, with pink chenille flowers and green leaves embroidered on grey-blue watered brocade; here is her workbox and a sample of her needlework depicting the same fuchsias that grace the island today. Here is her mother-of-pearl cardcase, and here is her picture, its sweet, strong features revealing the Indian blood of which Lady Douglas was proud.

In the same room is not only the familiar portrait of Captain Cook, with its decisive features, but a less familiar

picture of his birthplace—a small stone house by no means as humble as some biographers have implied.

And here is a portrait of Archibald Menzies, the naturalist who accompanied Vancouver on his "voyage of discovery," and whose lovingly detailed account of his botanical studies is still enjoyable reading.

There are all sorts of things in the Archives: a hunk of pemmican such as was used by the traders and trappers of the Hudson's Bay Company; a wooden, iron-bound lock of the Hudson's Bay Company warehouse at Fort St. James; a brown straw bonnet with green velvet ruching which belonged to Queen Victoria and would have been more serviceable than his tall beaver hat to Simon Fraser in a canoe. There is a rosewood piano, inlaid, and with a mechanical attachment, brought around the Horn in 1862. There are wigs of white horsehair worn by local barristers until the turn of the century. These glistening, curled head coverings are placed on stands, the stands covered by linen canopies and the whole business secured in tin boxes which must have been an awkward item in the luggage of a traveller.

In all this miscellany are odds and ends which are trivial and others which are significant. But for many visitors the most important and suggestive is the portrait of Captain George Vancouver—the original of which, by Lemuel Abbott, hangs in the National Portrait Gallery in London.

Is there any man of comparatively recent times whose

name is spoken, printed, written, and read hundreds of thousands of times every twenty-four hours, who is—as a man—less known?

To be sure, he stands in bronze atop the Parliament Buildings, and in marble in a niche of the Victoria Public Library, and on a pedestal before the City Hall in Vancouver. To be sure, the Archives display a first edition of his six-volume *Voyage of Discovery to the North Pacific Ocean*, opened at the page which describes the naming of Vancouver Island. To be sure, the portrait upon this wall is carefully done, showing him not long before his death, when his once slight frame had become heavy and his delicate features firm.

But the printed volumes, despite their length, are singularly lacking in personal revelation. The portrait is too formal to be intimate.

The man who spent twenty-two years of his forty in the bleak hardship of voyaging, who had no wife or children and seemed unable to share his confidence with his fellow officers, who was always denied robust health and was often miserably ill, who was never honoured in life by authority, was, with his death, almost forgotten. Of all eighteenth-century navigators he was one of the worst documented until George Godwin, quite recently, wrote his painstaking biography.

From his achievements, whose effects can hardly be overestimated, and from his various writings, Godwin has

managed to present, beyond and above the historical figure, something of the man himself.

From this book it is gratifying to learn that he was worthy of having his name perpetuated in Canada's third largest city and in the most beautiful of her islands.

The name is of Dutch origin and belonged to ancestors from Koevorden, in the province of Drenthe, Holland. That Vancouver knew of this ancestry and was proud of it is attested by his giving its name to a high promontory on the coast of Alaska, looking southward to Chatham Strait. But by the time he was born in King's Lynn, Norfolk, in 1757, the family was completely Anglicized by custom, by good English blood, and by a name more easily pronounced by English tongues.

King's Lynn, when George Vancouver and his two brothers, John and Charles, raced around it as small boys, was a seaport swept by the sharp airs and scents of the North Sea. Its narrow streets, lined by ancient, carved mansions, were trodden by sailors, rolling on their sea legs and with bronzed skins and gold earrings; and it resounded to the protests and struggles of seamen, river watermen, and even landsmen being forcibly seized for impressment into the English Navy.

We assume that George and his brothers went to the Lynn Grammar School. We know that when he was eleven his mother died.

When he was fifteen he embarked as an able seaman

under Captain Cook upon a four years' cruise which took him to the Antarctic and the Great Pacific, giving him his share in a voyage of discovery in the Southern Hemisphere which remains without parallel in the history of navigation.

The strange sights and sounds, the hardships and exhilarations of this circumnavigation of the globe were indelibly stamped upon the mind of a boy who, at that time, was slight and well knit, with blue eyes, fair skin, and small, well-modelled features. But the profoundest impression and the one which was most to shape his character was his association with his commander.

From that able, courageous, and enlightened superior he not only acquired habits of steadfastness, honesty, and thoroughness in the performance of duty, but he also learned the practical results of scientific diet, and of sanitation and fumigation in preserving the general health of men at sea. He became familiar with that strictness of discipline considered a necessity in those days when, on shore, there were two hundred offences punishable by death, and at sea flogging was meted out with frequency.

Upon this voyage he was touched by his first enthusiasm for science, for William Sales, who accompanied the expedition as an astronomer, liked young people and was a born teacher. The science of geography was entering upon a new epoch and gathering to itself mathematics, physics, and geology. Cook and Vancouver after him were among the first of the great scientific navigators whose accurate

charts superseded the incomplete and not infrequently fraudulent notations of their predecessors.

During the eighteen years which were to follow, Vancouver never neglected his astronomical observations. His maps and charts are marvels of close and intelligent labour.

Those eighteen years began with his joining the *Discovery*, under Captain Clerke—a vessel which, with the *Resolution* under Captain Cook, was bound for the exploration of the South Seas, carrying not only ships' stores for a voyage whose duration could not be accurately forecast, but also animals and seeds for propagation on the other side of the world.

It was at this time that the Government had decided to bring the two-hundred-year-old legend of the Strait of Anian and the Northwest Passage into the realm of fact. Was there a strait which linked the Pacific Ocean with Hudson Bay, or which, by Bering Strait and the Arctic, came out far north into the Atlantic Ocean? The act of Parliament offering a reward of twenty thousand pounds for the first ship to make this passage—an offer open to the Navy—is displayed in the Archives here in the Parliament Buildings.

Captain Cook's instructions were to cruise first to the South Pacific, annexing his discoveries, planting his seeds, putting his domestic animals ashore, and establishing friendly relations with the natives. He was also expected "to discover what had never been discovered before," to

make complete records of astronomical observations (although he had no astronomical observer but served as his own), to chart all the South Sea Islands he touched, and then to sail north along the west coast of America and search for the disputed passage and, at the same time, chart the entire length of that intricate coast line.

This was a staggering assignment, and Cook did not live to fulfill it. The two boats rounded the Cape of Good Hope, visited New Zealand, the Society and other South Pacific islands, and finally arrived at Nootka on the west coast of the island which today bears Vancouver's name.

From there the search for the Northwest Passage took Cook north to 69° 36′, where he gave the name of Icy Cape to his furthest goal. There he gave up the search and steered again for those islands he had previously christened in honour of Lord Sandwich, who was then head of the British Admiralty.

It was here, in a skirmish with the natives at Kealakekua, that Captain Cook was killed by them. Vancouver saw the bloody death, but, characteristically, in the half a million words of his printed journal he does not mention the part he himself took in the melee.

The long voyage home to England was full of difficulties for both the *Resolution* and the *Discovery*. Men and officers arrived—a year later than they had hoped—clad in tattered uniforms patched with skins and gaudy Chinese cotton and silk.

Vancouver was now twenty-three years old. He had been at sea almost continually for eight years. He was thoroughly grounded in practical seamanship, in scientific navigation, in surveying and map making. Of his inner experiences we know nothing.

We do know that as long as he lived he was to venerate Cook as a great explorer and navigator and faithfully follow him as a model. His solicitude for Cook's reputation shines out throughout the monumental *Voyage of Discovery*. As to his emotions when he saw the hero of his boyhood murdered, we can only surmise by the high and steadfast character of his subsequent actions.

In 1780 Vancouver passed his examination as lieutenant and for the next nine years was associated with Rodney and Gardner, fighting the Franco-Spanish fleets in the West Indies and serving in that region under Innes, Pakenham, and other commanders. It was during this time that he surveyed Port Royal and Kingston Harbour and made the exquisitely drawn map now in the Admiralty Library.

Another year was to pass before (1790) he received his appointment as commander of the new sloop *Discovery*, which was to be sent on an expedition of twofold purpose: he was directed to take Nootka from the Spanish and to carry out a tremendous survey of the northwest American coast.

This was the turning point of Vancouver's career, and the beginning of that period in which he was to make dis-

coveries of supreme importance and to establish himself among the greatest of the eighteenth-century explorers: the period in which he was to become intimately acquainted with the coast of what was to become British Columbia.

The settlement of Nootka on the west coast of what is now Vancouver Island was so small that few people in England had ever heard of it. It was, however, the centre for the valuable sea otter trade, and—even more important—it symbolized Spain's sovereignty of the whole North Pacific seaboard. It was more significant as an issue than as a place.

Vancouver's orders from the Board of Admiralty were "to receive back in form, a restitution of the territories on which the Spaniards had seized, and also to make an accurate survey of the coast, from the 30 degree of north latitude northwestward towards Cook's River; and further, to obtain every possible information that could be collected respecting the natural and political state of that country."

The *Discovery* was accompanied by the armed tender *Chatham*, under the command of Lieutenant William R. Broughton, both ships were bountifully stocked, and the selection of junior officers was left to Vancouver, who seems to have chosen them wisely, with the exception of the Honourable Thomas Pitt—afterward Lord Camelford—a young gentleman with whom he was to have plenty of

trouble. Another man with whom he was to come to grips was Archibald Menzies, a botanist whose mission was to gather specimens and seeds and take notes on the natural sciences of the countries. Menzies was also a doctor and surgeon and was later forced to take over the duties of ship's doctor as well as keeping up his scientific studies.

The *Discovery* and the *Chatham* sailed from Falmouth in April 1791 and proceeded by way of the Cape of Good Hope to Australia, where Vancouver surveyed part of the coast, especially King George Sound, whose value as a harbour he carefully noted. It was not until the *Beagle*, with Charles Darwin aboard, sailed into the Pacific in 1837–43 that a complete survey of the whole Australian coast was made. Even with this comparison, Vancouver's chart, the first of the Southwest region, remains a model of thoroughness and accuracy.

He then visited New Zealand—his fifth visit there—and completed the first survey of Dusky Bay.

The months which he spent in the South Sea Islands and the Sandwich Islands he thoroughly enjoyed. Although he was only thirty-five he was prematurely aged by the hardship of life at sea and by ill health. His frequent irascibility may have been due to a malady whose nature has never been definitely determined. His severity was part of the tradition of the period. His patience and kindness with the South Sea Islanders, and his justice in dealing with them, gleam like rays of sunshine in a stern sky.

There were few enough rays of sunshine in those difficult years.

He studied mineralogy to help him identify the deposits on the coasts. Faithfully he made his scientific observations with instruments of uncertain accuracy, apologizing with self-depreciation for any of Captain Cook's errors and suggesting that these may have been due to unavoidable handicaps. Constantly and anxiously he guarded the health of his crew, according to the precepts he had learned from his first great commander, and kept them free from scurvy.

Although he became so exasperated with the Honourable Thomas Pitt that he had him flogged three times and ultimately discharged him ashore for insubordination, and although he had difficulties with Menzies—both of which disagreements were to rise up and plague him later—he did honour to his officers by perpetuating their names in geographic features along the coast.

His method of surveying—which he had learned from Captain Cook—was to push his ships as far as he could with safety into coastal waters, and to use them as temporary bases. He then carried on further surveys by smaller boat parties, going himself on such surveys whenever possible and often when he was so ill he could hardly drag himself about.

A year after leaving England he sighted New Albion (California) and examined the coast with extreme care,

surveying all the inlets up to 52° 18′. He and his companions were the first white men to sail the waters of Puget Sound, which he named in honour of his second lieutenant. He discovered the Gulf of Georgia, which he named after King George III, although oddly enough he missed both the Columbia and the Fraser rivers—two failures which later injured his reputation.

Sailing northward, he came on June 13, 1792, upon a narrow opening "not more than a cable's length in width" through which he passed into a channel about half a mile wide. He sailed up it and returned the next day. As his yawl, accompanied by the launch, sailed westward toward the narrow opening, he saw the forests on the southern shore and the mountains on the northern. He noted these things and gave the channel the name of Sir Harry Burrard, of the Navy.

And Burrard Inlet it is still called, although almost a hundred years were to pass before the great city which now spreads along its shores and extends up into the hills was to be given his own name—Vancouver.

We, a hundred and fifty odd years later, can see the same water and mountains and—in Stanley Park—the same trees. In twilight or fog, when the buildings fade away, it is easy to imagine how that superb scene must have looked when the only lights were those of Indian fires along the beach, and the only boats were Indian canoes and one small English yawl and a launch. Neither Vancouver nor

any other man living at that time could possibly have imagined the scene as it now is, with its boats and bridges and buildings, its chequerboarded streets crowded with people and trolleys and motorcars.

The discovery of Burrard Inlet occupied but a part of two days in a voyage covering many thousands of leagues, and filled with many adventures and countless revelations of unknown shores. A weary man, weighed down by responsibilities, with one more brief task accomplished, Vancouver sailed out of the narrow entrance and pushed south.

It is pleasant to remember that the episode which brought unusual pleasure to the stern and solitary navigator was associated with the lovely island which he now circumnavigated. This was his association with Señor Don Juan Francisco de la Bodega y Quadra, Peruvian by birth, Castillian by blood, and generous and winning in character.

Vancouver had been sent to enforce the terms of the Nootka Convention by which certain territory was to be restored to Great Britain. "To receive back in form a restitution of the territories on which the Spaniards had seized," his orders had read. Quadra had been sent to interpret those terms as insisting that this territory did not include Nootka and Clayoquot, with Neah Bay as a free port. He admitted that the Englishman, John Mears, had built a fort hardly larger than a shack on the foreshore. This tiny scrap of land was all that Quadra would give back.

One of Vancouver's greatest handicaps was the immense distance between himself and the Admiralty in London and the slowness and uncertainty of communication. A written dispatch to Sir Philip Stephen might take a year to reach its destination, and then only by courtesy of the Spanish commanders of the North American settlements. Thus he was obliged to make his own decisions and take the responsibility for them.

He had been ordered to "be put in possession of the buildings and districts on parcels of land which were occupied by His Majesty's subjects in the month of April 1789," and he stood firmly upon his interpretation of the terms. So did Quadra.

This deadlock had a singular result.

The two men became friends.

Each not only honoured the country of the other by proper salute of guns and drinking together the healths of their respective sovereigns, but they exchanged informal hospitality, which grew more and more enjoyable to them both. Whether the rough fare aboard the *Discovery* was a treat to the Spaniard may be debated, but the elaborate and well-served meals in his house were a grateful break in the monotony of Vancouver's life. The longer they maintained their political tug of war, the closer they became in their agreeable personal relations. It is charming to recall that these two men—so diverse in their nature and so similar in their sense of honour—joined their names to commem-

orate their friendship. The place which was the scene of their conflict was also the scene of their congenial intercourse. Vancouver named the island "Quadra and Vancouver," and so it remained for half a century.

The cumbersome title has been dropped from modern maps, but the name of Quadra appears often in Vancouver's writings and is always mentioned with a sentiment unique in that otherwise impersonal record.

But, whatever their inclination, the friends could not linger together indefinitely arguing their sides of the controversy and enjoying their mutual company. The only course was to submit the dispute to the respective courts of Great Britain and Spain by courier.

They separated at last with correct salutes and with the regret of reluctantly parting friends.

The parting was not for long.

Vancouver did some further surveying along the island coast. He stood by in the *Discovery* while Broughton took his smaller ship more than a hundred miles up the Columbia River, charted it, and named its highest point Point Vancouver, taking formal possession of it in the name of the King, entirely unaware of its previous discovery by Captain Robert Gray of Boston.

Vancouver now turned south to San Francisco. He visited the Presidio, the Spanish settlements and missions, and then hastened to the Bay of Monterey, where Don Quadra awaited him.

The reunion of the two men was a heightened continuation of their friendship, but Vancouver had too many urgent duties to give himself over to its uninterrupted enjoyment. He had to make his detailed report to Sir Philip Stephen in London, which he entrusted to Lieutenant Broughton to take thither. He had to repair his ships, battered by gales and scorched by tropic suns, and to restock them. He was acutely mindful that his orders included obtaining "every possible information that could be collected respecting the natural and political state" of the country, and shrewdly observed the fertility of the soil, the equable climate, the splendid ports, and the inadequate garrisons. His respect for the Spanish priests and officers and his approval of the orderliness of the people did not prevent his seeing that Spain was by no means making the most of her opportunities in New Albion.

Finally, his ships in order, he said good-bye once more to Quadra and sailed again for the Sandwich Islands.

Vancouver was undoubtedly a strict master to the men aboard his ship. There was no friendship lost between him and Menzies, whose glass frame on the deck filled with seedlings and slips that had to be watered and aired and protected was an eyesore according to the commander's nautical tastes. But with the Sandwich Islanders Vancouver got along swimmingly. He refused to sell them firearms, but he made them bountiful and acceptable presents. He brought them domestic cattle, which he persuaded the

King to protect by declaring them taboo—except for the royal table—for ten years, by which time they were acclimated and established. And he completely won the confidence of the King and, through him, of the chiefs.

When the time came to return to Nootka, he left these simple and friendly folk on such excellent terms that success of his third and final visit was assured.

At Nootka he repaired his ships again, and again hopefully prepared another dispatch to the Admiralty—from which in three years he had not received a single message—and then set out to work his vessels to Alaska.

Bad weather, constant ship repairs, sickness among the crew, attended him. But he did not halt for any of these things. He drove himself as ruthlessly as he drove his men—sending out expeditions, insisting upon the most accurate reports, hauling his astronomical instruments ashore to make observations, unfurling the Union Jack, nearly losing his life in a skirmish with the natives at Revillagigedo Island, and scattering English names all the way up the coast. Islands, canals, inlets, channels, arms of the sea—he named them for his sisters, Mary and Sarah, for his mother, Bridget, for his brother, John. He commemorated his birthplace, Lynn, and his mother's birthplace, Berners Bay. He even evoked the name of that Sir Philip Stephen from whom he had heard nothing in all these years.

In about four months he reached 56 degrees north, and he returned to Nootka. From there he sailed south again to

San Francisco, where he hoped, through the commandant, to receive dispatches from London and secure friendly help in repairing his ships.

He received no dispatches from home, and he secured no friendly help. Quadra was no longer there, and Captain Arrillaga, who had been appointed the governor of the province, made it plain that neither the Englishman nor his ships were welcome. They might get necessary supplies but were asked to move on without delay. In a letter to Arrillaga, Vancouver protested indignantly against this treatment to "persons in our situation, confined as it were in a prison for years together, within the sides of our Vessels"—a brief phrase revealing the long and understandable strain of the expedition.

Although the rebuff at San Francisco was in a measure offset by cordiality at Santa Barbara and San Diego, Vancouver was glad to leave the Spanish settlements and to take his third and last trip to the friendly Sandwich Islands.

It was now that he brought to a consummation those relationships with the natives which had been cultivated by justice, generosity, and understanding. He had long believed that these fertile and strategically placed mid-Pacific islands would be of great value to the British Crown. Now, with the gentlest diplomacy, he persuaded them that it would be to their advantage to consider themselves as "King George's men" and to cede their possessions to a country which would protect them from all molestation.

This they did. The islands were actually so ceded, but, incredible as it seems today, the cession was never officially confirmed by the British Government, which was preoccupied with matters nearer home.

One more trip to Alaska, in which he definitely proved that Cook's River was not a river, but merely an arm of the sea, and he delineated its limits. In other words, there was no Northwest Passage. "Thus terminated," he wrote, "this very extensive opening on the coast of North-West America, to which had the great and first discoverer of it, whose name it bears, dedicated one day more to its further examination, he would have spared the theoretical navigators, who have followed him in their closets, the task of ingeniously ascribing to this arm of the ocean a channel through which a north-west passage, existing according to their doctrines, might ultimately be discovered."

One more stop at Nootka, and here where he had so often paced and talked with Quadra he learned of his friend's death. Except for this, there was silence. His reports must have long ago reached Lord Stephen, and there had been ample time for a reply. But there was no reply. In a quandary as to whether he should stay and occupy Nootka or return home, Vancouver, depleted by mortal illness, started for England.

At San Diego he learned from Señor Alava that Nootka had been ceded to Great Britain, a new commission had been issued for this purpose by the Court of London, and

he—Vancouver—would be no party to the formal ceding.

This was a humiliating blow, and when he finally reached England he set himself to put upon record that no such slur had been cast upon him, but that the fresh instructions had been addressed in the first instance to himself.

Between the time he learned of the ceding at San Diego until he reached England, nine months elapsed, months in which the dread scurvy, so long warded off, attacked the crew because of the cook's secretly breaking the dietary rules; in which he himself was desperately ill; in which the mainmast rotted, the sails slit, and the ships became dangerously dilapidated.

Even so, Vancouver kept his records, checked his observations, made a careful examination of Cape San Lucas, the southern point of California, and the Galápagos Islands, visited in Chile, rounded the Horn, and finally reached St. Helena, to learn that a state of war existed between Great Britain and the United States of Holland. The days long ago when he fought with Rodney and Gardner must have flashed back, for stepping out of the governor's residence he saw a Dutch East Indiaman entering the harbour, and instantly he sent an officer and men aboard her and made her his prize.

In September 1795 the *Discovery* anchored in the Shannon, on the west coast of Ireland. She had been gone four years, eight months, and twenty-nine days.

And now, at long last, Vancouver was in England—ashore and at home, once more among those places whose names he had given to far-distant points on the North American coast—Lynn, St. Mary Wiggenhall, Houghton, Windham, Hobart, Walpole. He was with his sisters, Mary and Sarah—his brothers, Charles and John.

If his condition shocked and alarmed them, he himself took sufficient note of it to go to Bristol Hot Baths for treatment. But he had business affairs to settle—among them a stiff but dignified reconciliation with Menzies and some sharp encounters with Lord Camelford. With the monumental mass of his journals, charts, maps, records, sketches, and astronomical data, he found a place in Petersham and began the account of his voyage requested by the Admiralty.

Steadily weakening in physical strength but resolute in purpose, he pushed himself to this task, his brother John acting first as his assistant and finally as his amanuensis. He himself made all arrangements with the engravers and artists and submitted their estimates to the Admiralty. He himself wrote five volumes in his fine, flowing hand, corrected and revised them, and made a start on the sixth volume—which was to comprise the journey around the Horn to St. Helena, and thence to England. Before this was completed he died, on May 10, 1798, and his brother, with the help of Puget, finished the work and dedicated it to the King.

In 1798 it was published in two volumes with folio atlas of charts. In 1801 there was another edition in six volumes with one general chart. It was well received and was translated into French. After more than a century astonishingly few inaccuracies have been detected in it. It is, however, characteristic that, just as the man had never been properly recognized during his life, so the author met similar indifference. The original manuscript was lost, and between the publication of the first and second editions the copperplates and charts were removed. A page found among the unindexed documents in the British Museum must serve to show how Vancouver wrote and how he revised these half-million words.

During those last two and a half years, as he covered page after page with his close, clear script, many images must have passed before his inward eye—images of the icy coast of the land which he called New Norfolk and which we call Alaska; of the red-tiled roofs of the Spaniards in what he called New Albion and which we know as California; of the tropical beaches of what we call the Hawaiian Islands.

That he remembered that peerless and sheltered inlet which he named for Burrard we know from his account of its discovery. That his thoughts lingered over the place which commemorated his one great friendship—the island of Quadra and Vancouver—is amply shown.

So accustomed was he to neglect that he could not have

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foreseen that in time to come he would be recognized as a commander of enlightened practices, a navigator who advanced the science by acute observations; as a masterly surveyor of unknown shores, as a geographer whose records are still respected, and as an emissary to a primitive people, leaving peace and prosperity behind him.

If there seem to have been few human compensations in this life, it should be recalled that as a boy he was able to choose as a pattern one of the great commanders of all time; that in his maturity he enjoyed the friendship of a man who was his peer; that his darkening and closing days were comforted by the devotion of his brother.

Three such relationships cannot be considered slight in a life that ended at forty.

Standing before the portrait of George Vancouver which hangs on the walls of the Archives in the Parliament Buildings in Victoria, some of these things may stir in the recollection of the beholder, and perhaps send him to the more detailed account in Godwin's scholarly and sympathetic biography.

Vancouver has become the name of a great city in British Columbia, of more than a score of lesser places in the United States and Canada, and—unaccompanied by that of his friend—of an island where he passed the happiest hours of his stern and solitary life.

CHAPTER IV

In the Provincial Museum

FOR A HUNDRED YEARS—ever since the Hudson's Bay Company built its fort on the site of the present city of Victoria—the white man has been conserving or destroying, enjoying or ignoring the forests and fields, the fish and fur-bearing animals, the aboriginal inhabitants of Vancouver Island.

It is a good-sized island. Its length of 283 miles is more than a third of the 700 with which British Columbia fronts the Pacific. And its flora and fauna and artifacts are varied enough and abundant enough to keep any botanist, ornithologist, ethnologist, or biologist occupied for the rest of his life.

Few visitors have time—or inclination, for that matter—to make an exhaustive study of such sciences. But nearly all like to feel that they have seen rather more than can be glimpsed from the stroll down Government Street, a walk

along the Marine Drive, or even a trip up the Island Highway—particularly if they can acquire this pleasurable sense of knowledge without undue physical or mental exertion.

The Provincial Museum in the east wing of the Parliament Buildings is a godsend to such unenergetic aspirants. For it is small enough not to be overwhelming; its exhibits are displayed logically, and they present an excellent cross section of the natural history of British Columbia in general and Vancouver Island in particular.

One of the most practical and unpretentious collections is near the entrance door—a glass case holding in labelled containers freshly cut specimens of local wild flowers. It is not necessary to stop the car—or, more and more frequently, the carriage—and scramble down a bank to pick a spray of this and a berry of that and cart them back to the hotel in one's hot little hand to determine their names and nature. Here they are—many of them common to the United States—such as wild carrot, sneezewort, mint, and goldenrod, tansy and field camomile, burdock and aster. But those hollylike leaves and purple berries are not familiar to many visitors who admire them in a hedge along the Empress entrance drive. It is the Oregon grape. Neither are they familiar with the tall stalk of heal-all or the spiraea-like hardhack.

Beside the fresh-cut seasonal specimens are dried plants and flowers to beguile the botanist and inform the gardener, and another case of wax models, brilliantly hued

and meticulously fashioned, of mushrooms, toadstools, and other fungi. Their names are as fanciful as their colours and their forms—rabbit-ears, Scotch bonnets, witches'-butter, and elf cups, yellow, grey, and orange.

Not far away are the grasshoppers and dragonflies, the wasps and moths and butterflies—opalescent in primrose and blue and coral—which once darted over those flowers and grasses and are now ranged in long rows under glass.

As for the larger winged creatures, the museum has such a collection of land and waterfowl that the layman can, in an hour, get quite a notion of British Columbia ornithology. Sparrows and vireos and warblers are familiar to everyone, but what about the skylark which, though so often evoked in American verse, neither sings nor nests in the United States? This speckled brown egg testifies to British Columbia's better fortune.

It is, however, the seafowl which, even though dead, endow with life the shore line, the fiords, the bays and ponds and lakes of this province: herons, with their long necks and bills and legs; the shy grebe standing on its lobed feet by a nest of dried water weeds; the showy black and white loon floating on a surface of glass. On ledges and in crevasses representing an island in Georgia Strait perch tufted puffins, pigeon guillemots, glaucous-winged gulls, and violet-green cormorants nesting by their eggs or guarding their fluffy chicks. The pelican, with its pouched bill, may still be seen in British Columbia, and so may the

whistling swan, which passes over every year to nest in the arctic. But rarely will the field glass bring into view the trumpeter swan, largest of all North American water birds, and now, victim of man and coyotes, vanishing forever from the earth. The northern bald eagle, and the hawks which prey upon the ptarmigan, pheasants, and pigeons, have come to rest in innocuous proximity now that their eyes are of unblinking glass and their stomachs of undemanding sawdust.

And fish, fish, fish! Here at last is a chance to see those game fish which still, despite the difficulties of wartime travel, attract anglers from far quarters of the globe. To be sure, a fish in a case is not the glittering, fighting creature of lake or stream, and anglers versed in the technicalities of their sport will seek, not the Provincial Museum, but the inshore waters of Vancouver Island, of Cowichan Bay, Campbell River, and the Alberni Canal.

Here from July to November they will find the tyee or spring salmon—known as the Chinook or Columbia in Oregon and as quinnat in California. Averaging about twenty-two pounds but with authentic records of one hundred and twelve pounds, they take the troll freely and occasionally the fly. To wear the button of the Tyee Club is a distinction hardly won and highly prized, but one can troll for tyee without such membership, not only on the island but on the mainland coast around Vancouver, Gibson's Landing, Bowen Island, and Horseshoe Bay.

The tyee is the famous game fish, but some experts consider the smaller coho gamier. And here in the cases in the museum are mounted specimens that make the would-be Izaak Waltons sigh for a fishing pole and the would-be Savarins for a grill and a fire.

Although every kind of trout common to the Pacific can be found in British Columbia, there are three which are especially sought, and standing beside the cases which show the silver steelhead, the rainbow, with its iridescent sheen, the cutthroat, with its heavy spots and a bright red mark around the lower jaw, are old men, small boys, and soldiers in uniform—not tourists but natives. They are admiring the coastal steelhead, powerful and spirited from its life in the open seas; the steelhead from interior waters, more dogged, but excellent sport. They are recounting their own adventures. This man recently caught a Dolly Varden trout, or char, just like that one, greenish grey on the back and white on the underbody, with large pink spots. It was a sturdy fish, not easily captured with a fly and small spinner, and it weighed twenty-five pounds. This eager little boy tells how he trolled for a Great Lakes trout. Perhaps it wasn't as lively as the Dolly Varden, but it weighed fifteen pounds, and his mother said it was the sweetest and most delicate eating of any.

The mounted fish are in cases, but the great whales and porpoises hang suspended in the air. These and the seals and sea lions are more clearly seen in the museum than

from the deck of a ship, unless one journeys to the Queen Charlotte Islands, where the sealing and whaling industries are still active.

The motorist driving up the Island Highway might possibly have to slacken speed to let a bear amble across the road. Frequently a deer bounds past him into a thicket, and for sixty years cougars—sometimes called panthers—have been hunted on the island, and there are plenty of them left. A special kind of dog—usually a strain of bloodhound crossed with foxhound or Airedale—is used, the dogs working in couples, their sense of smell being so keen that they can track a cougar and even pick up a trail two days old.

But although one may actually see bear and deer and cougars on the island, the only place for the non-sportsman to look at the snowy mountain goats, with their sharp horns and tiny feet, or the tremendous wapiti (elk), or the more tremendous moose, or the giant grizzly—largest of all the carnivora—is here in the museum.

Since British Columbia has more big game than any other part of the world, its mountain trails are acquainted not only with the padding paws of timber wolves and lynx, but with the feet of the hunter. On the naked northern ridges he stalks Fannin sheep, with their curled horns, the Stone sheep, and the Dahl. The shaggy musk ox and the caribou, with its clean, fine antlers, exist for him as marks for his sportsmanship. But those who are not

hunters must be content—and probably prefer—to look at these bulky bodies, so exquisitely adapted to their habitat, as they stand around the museum walls, no more mute and motionless than when the hunter has finished with them.

As man appropriates more and more of the wilderness, the animals move further and further away, although they have by no means disappeared in British Columbia, where they are protected by laws and licences.

It is not only the animals which have felt the impact of advancing civilization.

Throughout the North American continent the Indian has fared ill at the hands of his white brother; worst perhaps in the United States, and perhaps best in those parts of Canada which were opened by the Hudson's Bay Company. The company was not a band of missionaries. It made no effort to civilize or Christianize the Indian. It was more convenient, for purposes of trade and barter, to keep him as he was—a hunter and a wanderer bringing in precious furs and showing the way to fishing banks and coal seams. But the company was keen enough to realize that a friend is more valuable than a foe, so it early established a policy of justice—or what the less sophisticated member of the bargain assumed to be justice. Agreements were respected, promises were paid, so that for two centuries violence and bloodshed between the Indians and the white invader, which were disastrously common on the other side of the border, were practically unknown.

To be sure, the kindness was tinged with condescension. Social familiarities were not permitted, although expressions of good will were constantly made. Rum found its way into more than one trading agreement, despite the laws of the company, and there were individuals who presented to the inferior race dubious examples of the superior one. But, on the whole, relations were remarkably peaceful and were kept so by frequent intermarriage between the traders and the Indian women.

This attitude of the company prepared the Indian for the time when the company would withdraw from dominance, and the settler would arrive with his family and herds. That settler found the various native tribes prepared to accept him and co-operate with him, so that today the Indian is not only more populous in British Columbia than in any other province except Ontario but he is also a more valuable factor in the labour market than in any other part of the Dominion.

Nevertheless the Indian of today is not the free overlord of yesterday. Few of his white successors understand him. Perhaps he does not quite understand himself or what has happened to him in the last two centuries.

For both races the museum serves as sympathetic and scholarly interpreter. In it are preserved the rarest and best survivals of the arts through which this first inhabitant of Vancouver Island expressed his fears and hopes and hates, his hospitality and his loves.

Immediately upon stepping into the entrance hall one is confronted and surrounded by carved and coloured totem poles, whose forms and symbolism are utterly confusing to those who do not understand them. Grotesque figures and faces of men and women, of ravens and whales, of dogs and frogs and eagles and bears and beavers and snakes, are so distorted and intertwined that it is difficult to puzzle out what they are and impossible to guess what they represent.

To read these unique "talking sticks" it is necessary, as in reading Greek, Arabic, or Chinese, first to learn what corresponds to the alphabet of the language: that the frog typifies wisdom, the eagle authority and power, the fin-backed whale veneration for those lost at sea, whose spirits enter the body of the whale and rove forever among the seas they loved. Each animal is a symbol, the raven being the supreme figure and reverenced as the Creator.

After all, this is hardly more difficult to decipher than some mediæval coat of arms, with lions rampant, and lambs couchant, and falcons quartered, and bars sinistered.

There were five tribes occupying what is now British Columbia when the Spanish and British first explored it a hundred and fifty years ago. While it is generally believed that they all originally migrated from Asia by way of Siberia and the Bering Strait, more than two thousand years ago, they became so separated from one another by mountains, forests, and water that each tribe evolved its own language, which was not understood by any of the

others; each had its varied and intricate social organization and elaborate secret ceremonials.

The Haida, who still occupy the Queen Charlotte Islands, were virile, intelligent, and intensely artistic. The Tsimshian, who settled inland along the Skeena and Nass rivers, were keen traders, gathering annually for exchange of goods. Adjoining the Tsimshian lands and spreading across to the northern part of Vancouver Island are the Kwakiutl people. Southward to the Fraser River and also on the south of Vancouver Island are the numerous but less virile tribe of Salish (one branch of which, settling in the Kwakiutl country, are known as the Bellacoola tribe).

Separated from all the other Indians by the densely wooded mountain range which is the backbone of Vancouver Island are the Nootkas—the only ones known to have hunted whales from their dugout canoes.

Within these tribes were class distinctions of nobles, commoners, and slaves and, among the Tsimshian, royalty. The ties of kinship were strong, and no marriages between near relatives were allowed. There were many taboos and ceremonials and much pageantry, with shamans credited with magical powers over sickness.

While these generalities applied to all the tribes, each had its individual characteristics and customs.

The poles and posts and screens and chests and coffins, the house-front painting, the potlatch (or feast) dishes, the grave figures, and the collections of handiwork, blankets,

utensils, weapons, etc., in the museum and in Thunderbird Park (which may be considered as an outdoor annex) are almost the only way we have of judging what these aborigines were like. For they left no written record beyond a few hieroglyphic stones, and many of their myths and legends, passed on from one generation to the next, are lost or garbled.

These poles are so striking and so peculiar that they offer a tempting introduction to the mind and manners of the various tribes, although—compared with the history of those tribes—they are comparatively new.

The soft cedar of the British Columbia coast, from which the poles were made, decays rapidly in the damp climate, so that unless they are protected they rarely last beyond sixty or seventy years. The much-advertised poles at Alert Bay are less than fifty years old. They not only decay from natural causes but, oddly enough, their original possessors never made any effort to preserve or repair them. It was the making of the pole and the ceremony of its erection which concerned both artist and owner, who evidently held to the belief that to travel hopefully is better than to arrive. If a pole toppled over or rotted away it was nonchalantly chopped up for firewood.

The idea that every pole is a totem pole, or heraldic column, recording the crest, genealogy, and history of a certain individual or clan, is only partly correct. To be sure, some of the poles do precisely this. A chieftain would

engage a professional carver, who would take six months or a year to design and execute the symbolic design which was a proclamation of his client's social standing or a record of his achievements or those of his ancestors.

When the pole was carved it was coloured with pigments: black from charred wood or bones; brown, red, and yellow from ochres; white from chalky clay; and a light blue probably obtained from copper. Fish oils were used in applying these pigments, which were remarkably fast in colour and retained their vividness for years even in the severest exposure.

The pole, finished at last, was attached to the front of a building and frequently had an egg-shaped entrance cut through the base, large enough to admit one person at a time.

But there was another kind of pole, used principally by the Tsimshian tribe, which had a double function. It was erected as a memorial to a deceased chief when the days of mourning were ended—"The drying of tears," it was called—and it served at the same time as the public proclamation of his successor.

The erection of both totem and memorial poles was accompanied by celebrations which often lasted for weeks—with distant tribes invited to, and joining in, the ritualistic dances, feasts, and singing.

The totem pole was never worshipped as a god, although it was reverenced because some of the crests were symbols

of guardian spirits whose protection was fervently sought. Throughout all Indian activities the spiritual and the material elements were closely interlocked. The Kwakiutl, for instance, believed that in the winter season invisible supernatural beings were close to mankind, and from this came their custom of dividing the year into two sections—one religious and the other secular.

Besides the totem and memorial poles there were inside house poles on which rested the great beams which ran the length of the building and supported the rafters for the roof. It was usual to carve matching figures on each inside house pole, and if the inhabitants did not want the totem spirit to witness what was going on they took the precaution of hanging a blanket or mat in front of each figure.

In Thunderbird Park is a trio of inside house posts which represent the Wild Woman of the Woods, who preyed on little children. This horrendous monster was always painted black to add to her frightfulness, and in this case she supports the double-headed snake which was credited with being able to assume the form of a fish and caused death if touched by ordinary persons. In the present example, it resembles a snail rather more than either a snake or a fish, but it is sufficiently disagreeable-looking to give credence to the legend that a touch of its blood would turn the skin to stone. Furthermore, it could become a canoe propelled by its fins. And, to complete its bag of tricks, its eye, thrown from a sling, could kill whales.

There is still another kind of pole, of which there is a splendid example in Thunderbird Park—the mortuary pole. Carved and painted like the totem, its function was to hold the chest which served as a coffin, after the corpse had been doubled up so it could be crammed into it. Such coffins on Dead Man's Island, near Stanley Park, are remembered by many Vancouverites.

The two roughly carved human figures with outstretched hands are "welcome poles." Such figures were used to welcome guests to a feast or a potlatch, and were more sketchily and hastily executed. Although they were fairly common along the coast, these, which were erected originally by the Nootka Indians on the west coast of the island, are the only known ones of large size.

The other, half-squatting, painted figures were placed over graves, and they too have been found over the whole area from the Yukon to the state of Washington.

Early explorers along the deeply indented coast noted right-angled wooden houses built in straight lines between the forest and the beach. In front of many of them stood totem poles, which in the more southerly regions were replaced by boldly outlined pictures on the house fronts. The designs, incorporating the same figures and symbols as the poles, could, like them, be seen from far off, so the stranger would know what tribe or family he was approaching. The totem pole which has been conspicuously placed in Thunderbird Park came from the Queen Char-

lotte Islands and is thirty-eight feet high, with three figures carved at its summit, wearing indications of their rank in five rings on their hats.

These various poles and figures reconstruct for us something of those ceremonials which were the visible expression of the deep-rooted beliefs and feelings of the various Indian tribes: the heraldic pole commemorating family pride, the grave figures and mortuary poles the respect for the dead, the inside poles family and home life, the welcome figures that hospitality which was so characteristic of the Indian nature.

There is another symbol of hospitality. This is the potlatch dish, a great wooden vessel formed from a solid log, hollowed and painted, measuring five to ten feet in length, with the inside always shaped like a canoe, and the outside carved to represent some animal, such as a bear or a whale or a wolf. When such a dish was filled with fish oil or broth or other food the host could be sure of having plenty of refreshment for his guests.

He needed plenty, for, although there were different kinds of potlatches, all of them demanded the bestowal of gifts and food.

Some idea of the magnitude of a potlatch is indicated by a report in the Victoria *Daily Colonist* in 1892:

> The Indians of Cape Mudge and Valdez Island are preparing for another big potlatch, which promises to eclipse the one recently given by Salmon River Bill in point of liberality of the gifts and the numerical strength of the gathering. Orders have already been

> given for thirty canoes, $1,000 worth of bracelets, 700 boxes of biscuits, 2,000 blankets, 600 barrels of flour, 400 trunks and a great variety of miscellaneous articles. The big event will commence early next week, and will last for several days. . . . Twenty canoes are in port loading freight for the potlatch, which promises to be one of the biggest held in years.

That such a celebration might impoverish the host for the rest of his life is comprehensible, but nevertheless every anniversary or significant occasion called for one. It might be added that since the guests who received gifts at a potlatch were obliged to return, ultimately, a similar, or even greater, amount, the potlatch was a kind of insurance and provided for old age.

The raising of a house was the most costly. The raising of a totem pole cost only half as much but conferred less than half the prestige. The funeral or mortuary potlatch conferred merely a tenth of the housebuilding one. The vengeance potlatch was in honour of men or women of high rank, who thereby recovered status lost by some insult or imputation to their honour. Last in order was the face-saving potlatch, given after a person of high rank had suffered some indignity or mishap.

The potlatches were so many and so lavish that they might land not only the givers—seeking to outdo one another in generosity—but their descendants into destitution. But so strong were family ties that these debts were repaid by relatives through the second and even the third generations. Perhaps it was not so much the prodigality

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of the potlatch as the fact that it was the cause of feuds and other abuses that made the Department of Indian Affairs decide to abolish them.

This department has had plenty of problems since the time of the Confederation in 1867, when the Indians of Canada were put in charge of the Dominion Government. Through its agencies—British Columbia has eighteen of these—the Department of Indian Affairs supervises their health, welfare, and education. It encourages those who want to farm and raise livestock, manages the reserves, and administers the timber and wood resources from their lands. It pays annuities and interest on their trust funds. It protects them against unscrupulous speculators and strives to obtain justice for the fur trappers and hunters.

The Indians have certain privileges, for the Government permits them to fish for their own food the year around. Being excellent fishermen and boatmen, a large number of them are employed in these capacities by the canneries, but when they engage in such commercial fishing they must have a licence.

They are also expert hunters and trappers and may register trap lines free of charge, although they must take out a licence for trapping.

The war, with its shortage of labour, has opened new opportunities to them in the building trades, where they have shown exceptional ability in structural-steel work. They are in logging, pulp, woodcutting, and mining. They

are longshoremen and labourers on ranches. In hop-picking and fruit-picking time they often move in family groups from one region to another.

Under the law they are minors and in charge of the Department of Indian Affairs. Those who live on reservations cannot vote. Those who become enfranchised lose their Indian status but are given a certain sum of money which is estimated as their share in the capital and lands held in common on the reserve. They are required to register and are liable for military training and have not been backward—either in the last war or in the present one —in volunteering for service.

As early as 1874 government grants were made for Indian schools in addition to those established by the missionaries.

Today in British Columbia there are thirteen residential schools and sixty-three day schools with about four thousand pupils. In these are given vocational as well as the regular academic courses. Those for the girls include the treatment, spinning, and knitting of locally grown wool, dressmaking, home management, etc.; those for the boys include boatbuilding, auto mechanics, and elementary agriculture.

Some families and individuals have won honourable recognition, such as Pauline Johnson, whose monument is in Stanley Park and whose poems are familiar to every school child.

The most notable family in the vicinity of Vancouver is that of the Capilanos, and when, in 1941, Mary Capilano died at the age of one hundred and six she was sincerely mourned. Before any white man, with the exception of Captain Vancouver and his men, had entered Burrard Inlet, she had gone salmon fishing in her dugout canoe. After she was a hundred she still smoked her fish in a big, hollow tree near her home, and until three months before her death she kept possession of her physical and mental powers. She was the mother of the present Chief Mathias Capilano, who used to tell Indian legends to children over the radio and who still carves totem poles for sale.

But although there are pure-blooded Indians in this part of British Columbia and although they are on amicable terms with the white man, only a few of those white men have any intimate knowledge of these first inhabitants. The scholars have probed the middens and marked them by cairns, and one woman—Emily Carr, of Victoria—has probed into even deeper ground. For her book, *Klee Wyck,* is the most authentic and perceptive interpretation of the Indian mind and heart that the layman is likely to find, and her paintings and sketches of Indian scenes the most pleasing he is likely to see.

The Indians whose ancestors taught the early explorer and fur trader the use of the canoe, snowshoes, and the toboggan—without which the exploration of the Far West would have been impossible; who introduced to Europeans

corn, potatoes, tobacco, beans, and squash, still walk the streets of Vancouver and Victoria and still hunt in the forests and fish in the rivers.

The visitor frequently sees their coppery skin, their hawk-like or Mongolian features, their straight, dark hair, and their short, muscular figures. But he is not likely to perceive beneath that skin and behind those dark eyes the impulses, the instincts, and the tenacious beliefs which—dimly or fiercely—animate the hearts and minds of the possessors.

For such a visitor the best place to gather an impression of the various tribes and their likenesses and differences to one another and to the white man is in the Provincial Museum.

Here he will pause in astonishment and admiration before the polished, black stone carvings of the Haidas; before a wooden medallion, as finely surfaced as velvet, depicting a delicately featured face surrounded by smaller faces, all framed by a rim of abalone shell, the workmanship comparable to that of the Egyptians.

Here he may reconstruct for himself some of the unrecorded habits of the people who were once masters of this domain. The silver, hand-carved bracelets and brooches, the fur and feather garments, caps and capes and bonnets, the grotesque dance masks, speak of hours of pride and ease. The spoons of horn and wood, some of them of remarkable thinness and smoothness, the baby

carriers, the exquisitely woven baskets, the blankets made from the hair of the goat and the dog and duck down, speak of domestic life and activities. The stone tools—adze, knife, and chisel—are mementos of the craftsman. The charms and "spirit chasers"—with their inlays of shell on wood, their carvings on bone and slate—are reminders of dependence upon shaman and medicine man and consciousness of spiritual need. The spears and hooks and nets speak of the fisherman; the arrowheads and wooden clubs, with their notches to represent animals killed, of the hunter.

In the days when the Indians had no metals except silver, no clay suitable for pottery, no domesticated animals except, possibly, dogs, no cereals, cotton, flax, or wool, they fashioned these things.

They used stone and bone and horn for tools, despite legends of arrows and fishhooks of pure gold. They took cedar and spruce and carved it and moulded it by steam into equipment and utensils. They shredded cedar bark and wove it into a sort of cloth. They used spruce and cedar roots for basket making and prepared nettle fibres for fishing nets. The sinews of land and water animals and fibres of shredded kelp furnished powerful cordage and lashings.

The failure of the white man to appreciate such ingenuity has resulted in the dying out of some of these skills. However, in British Columbia there has been a genuine

effort to revive the manual dexterity and artistic talents which are still latent in the present-day Indians. Under government encouragement groups have been organized on the reserves for basketry, weaving, metalwork, woodcarving, tanning and leatherwork, knitting and crocheting. Since the war has stopped the importation of many novelties from Europe, such local handicrafts have come into a new and increased popularity. Through fairs and exhibitions—Vancouver held its first exhibition of this kind in 1939—and through roadside stands near the reserves the marketing of these products has been facilitated.

The Provincial Museum is an excellent place from which to study the Indian as an artist and craftsman. For here are displayed splendid examples of those ancient skills, that passion for perfection, and that tribal imagination which are part of his heritage.

The museum is small, as museums go. Yet it represents more graphically than a hundred books the life of Vancouver Island and of British Columbia; the life of the vegetation, the birds and fish and animals. It is the art gallery and treasure house of those men and women who inhabited it before the white man dreamed of such a place—of that spirit which, to some degree, still animates its woods and waters, its skies and fundamental life.

CHAPTER V

Of Trees and Flowers

WHO CAN PICTURE an Italian landscape without dark cypresses, solitary or in groups, pointed or umbrella-shaped, giving accent to hillside and terrace? Who can remember the tropics without a palm slanting against the sky, its fronds faintly clashing in the warm air? And who can recall Victoria without seeing in the mind's eye the arbutus tree, maintaining itself on a wind-whipped rock by the sea, or clustering in a grove beyond a meadow?

The trunk of the arbutus tree is sheathed in bark the colour of copper and bronze which, shredding and peeling away during the summer, reveals the smooth and delicate green of the new bark beneath. Its narrow leaves are evergreen; in springtime its blossoms are white and piercingly sweet. It may grow straight as a die, and then it is an ornament indeed. It may, owing to the buffeting of the

winds or the cunning of a gardener, grow twisted and crooked, and then it is a rare and characterful beauty.

It has its willful tastes, and although these are austere enough—a soil which is hardly soil at all but disintegrated rock, and moisture in the air rather than in the ground—they are not easily duplicated in alien terrain. Let it choose its habitat, and it shakes out its blossoms and sheds its coppery bark and displays bright leaves year after year. That habitat par excellence is Vancouver Island, although it extends, more sparingly, to the mainland. As a matter of fact, the arbutus grows in Washington, Oregon, and California, but it changes its name on the other side of the border and becomes the madroña.

But the metallic lustre of its trunk and its curiously individual form are so associated with this region that it was the tree chosen by the native sons of British Columbia to send to England to mark the grave of Captain George Vancouver. Nurtured by the Kew gardeners and planted in the cemetery at Petersham, it fills the place of honour when, as part of an empire ceremony, a wreath is placed upon the grave of the first white man to sail into the inner harbour of the city which bears his name.

Another tree exclusively associated with this region—in fact, so exclusively that it grows only within a radius of fifteen or twenty miles of Victoria—is the Garry oak, its boughs, with their bold spread and feathery leaves, imparting a unique effect to the general scene. There is a

legend that Sir Francis Drake, following the Elizabethan custom, brought acorns in the *Golden Hind* for his mariners to plant and thus be sure of having English oak to repair their ships—a legend more valued by romanticists than by arborators.

The rowan tree, or mountain ash, confined to no such narrow geographical limits, grows generously, its berries brightening the long roadsides and sparkling against the white walls of houses.

Holly and hawthorn and laurel find Victoria much to their liking, so that the landscape gardener can be assured of glossy green foliage throughout the year.

In fact, the landscape gardener, the rock gardener, the humblest cottage gardener, and even the mere window-box gardener can be assured of so many advantageous factors that the stunned admiration of visitors from less favoured climes is unhappily tinctured with envy, malice, and all uncharitableness.

Such shrubs, such flowers, such lawns, so repay a mere scratching of the soil and scattering of seed that it seems a supererogation to labour out of doors as constantly and as ambitiously as do the Victorians. The more they are blessed by sun and shower and temperature the more joyously they expand their greenswards and refine their planting. If their Chinese gardeners leave or their English gardeners die of old age, they valiantly set to work to train women and girls to take their places. And whether they

have half a dozen helpers or not one pair of extra hands, it is a renegade Victorian indeed who is not manually acquainted with trowel and hose, fertilizer and cold frame.

Without minimizing their expenditure of time and toil and hard cash, it may be somewhat spitefully suggested that their reward is fantastic. In New England, in Virginia, in Kansas, other embryonic and professional horticulturists work with equal energy and approximate intelligence. But where else in North America can they climax twelve months of bloom by picking twenty-four different kinds of flowers on Christmas Day, and by bouncing up and down on lawns so firm and flawless and springy that they put to shame a velvet-covered mattress and so rich that one realizes that Nebuchadnezzar might not have had a bad diet after all?

Since there are all kinds of gardens—public and private, formal and informal, rock and woodland, tremendous and miniature—since there are wild gardens and alpine gardens and hanging and sunken gardens, and since each one changes with the changing seasons, Victoria is rather like a prism reflecting a dazzling shift of rainbowed hues.

The immediate introduction to this Hesperides of our age is the vividly bordered lawn of the Empress Hotel, overlooking the harbour and greeting every visitor who steps ashore. To be sure, the formal front is a mere hint of the

back, where the manicured and polished green is framed by pergolas of roses and edged by banking herbaceous borders, and led into by a flight of stone steps set with flowering pots and jars.

That this effect was not produced and is not maintained by a mere wave of the hand is attested to by the glint of glass roofs, by the potting sheds, transplanting and cutting beds, and thriftily sifted compost heaps beyond the parterre—those rehearsal rooms behind the scenes quite as fascinating as the flourish of the final spectacle.

Further investigation confirms the impression that this rather small area combines the virtues of a public park, a cloister, a private pleasance, a nursery, and—judging from the tables where cans and bottles and buckets of emulsion are being compounded and stirred—something of a horticultural pharmacy.

Conversation with the head gardener dispels the envious conviction that there are no trials in this Eden.

It is man-made Eden, and it requires man's care and ingenuity to strengthen the weakness and curb the rankness of its floral inhabitants. It is man-made in the most literal sense of the word. The Empress Hotel is built on filled-in ground, the main part on piles, the wings on cisterns of cement. What the head gardener, who was brought from England, saw as he first surveyed his future domain was, in his own words, "just a stinking 'ole." He set to work to "break the heart of that soil" with the old stand-bys,

compost and manure. Contrary to the snap judgment that Victoria must be wholly sustained by loam at least a mile deep, he found the soil spotty—with gumbo, or yellow clay, and patches of peat. The summers are often so dry that watering has to be curtailed. Added to these usual problems, just now the war has swept away nearly all the younger gardeners, including the lad and the apprentice. The men who are constantly trimming the grass, edging the walks, and spraying, cutting, weeding, and transplanting are those beyond the reach of the armed service.

The service, however, has not summoned away the youngest or the oldest or the middle-aged of the familiar pests. Earwigs and rose flies, five different varieties of weevils—one daintily specializing in rhododendrons—tent caterpillars, thrips, scale and mealy bugs, all dote upon the Empress gardens and would fain take up their permanent residence here. The head gardener, after experimenting with various insecticides, worked out one that has proved so efficacious for the last three nuisances that lesser gardeners from everywhere will seize upon it more eagerly than if it were a recipe for turning base metals into gold:

10 ounces of kerosene
5 ounces of water
1 ounce of flax soap

Heat the water, add the soap, and dissolve it. Add the kerosene slowly, and with a bucket pump make an emulsion. Use six to eight tablespoonfuls to a gallon of water.

To this add one to two teaspoonfuls of nicotine or nicotine sulphate. Armed with this magic script, ladies and gentlemen from Maine to Michigan to Mexico have rushed home with hopeful hearts and determined hands to grasp bucket pump and spray, and to be rewarded.

The gardens of the Empress are only part of its display. The lofty indoor conservatory, which is an architectural transition between outdoors and indoors, reveals a stainless show of the most perfect specimens at their most perfect period. So that, pests and war shortages notwithstanding, there is—under cover and under the sky—a graceful procession of bloom that marches without a break throughout the twelve months of the year.

The head gardener, who so valiantly triumphed over "the stinking 'ole," may now, if he has leisure—which he most certainly has not—turn back the leaves of the calendar and see in retrospect that procession as it passed through the previous year.

In the spring came sheets of forget-me-nots and polyanthus in many varieties, mixed with wallflowers "sweeter, sweeter than anything on earth." In the summer the beds were bordered with white candytuft and lobelia, and packed with petunias, pink Barbara Hope geraniums, and double begonias. In the autumn the chrysanthemums unfurled (sixteen hundred of them for cutting and five hundred for the pots for the conservatory). These lasted until two weeks before Christmas, when the poinsettia took

over, to be followed by pink and amber and purple schizanthus. Springtime again, and—

Then came the cowslip
Like a dancer in the fair,
She spread her little mat of green
And on it dancèd she.
With a fillet bound about her brow,
A fillet round her happy brow
A golden fillet round her brow
And rubies in her hair.

The Empress gardens may be seen by any visitor. And so may the famous Butchart's Gardens, or at least they could be until the war put a temporary end to transportation to and from them.

These latter were first planted in the mind and imagination of a woman who found herself confronted not by soil of any kind but by a bleak, gouged-out quarry. They have materialized in sunken gardens, climbing gardens, and hanging gardens, not only concealing the naked pit but rippling far beyond it, and for many years attracting garden club pilgrims who have travelled two or three thousand miles to admire them and felt entirely repaid.

Any visitor may see the darling cottage gardens, between the front fence and the front steps of small houses, planted and tended by hands not too work-worn to find delight in such tending. Here is "the daisy lovely on both

sides"; the primrose, "with its crimped and curdled leaf." Here

> *. . . will the musk carnations break and swell,*
> *Soon shall we have gold dusted snap dragon.*
> *Sweet William with his homely cottage smell.*
> *And stocks in fragrant blow.*

No one can miss the roadside beds rampant between curb and fence, or the window boxes spilling their flowers over the fronts and sides of factories, shops, and storehouses. Nor can he fail to see those baskets hanging around signs and lampposts on either side of the principal boulevards—carrying parallel lines of perfume and colour above the heads of the passers-by.

Would you know how these swaying embellishments are created? A deep metal saucer containing a moss-filled wire frame is completely concealed by a living bouquet miraculously independent of watering. Coral geraniums, firm on their stems, give a central accent; lavender petunias, scarlet fuchsias, and golden nasturtiums frame the geraniums. Lobelia wreaths the base, and sprays of nepeta trail below each floating sphere.

Such ribbons and streamers and billows of bloom may be seen by anyone who strolls down the avenues, roads, and lanes of Victoria.

Not so accessible are the private gardens of houses set well behind hedges or stone walls or high on hilltops over-

looking the water—as many different kinds of gardens as there are gardeners: gay or stately, miniature or mammoth.

A too-easily won wealth of flowers, like all other wealth, brings its temptations. In this climate it is easy to grow dahlias as big as sofa cushions; to have half a hundred different kinds of roses and iris. Phalanxes of closely regimented begonias or petunias or pansies or geraniums stand in fresh-faced attention, and with their first sign of fatigue they are whisked away and different fresh phalanxes are marshalled from the glasshouse to take their place.

Yes, it is a temptation to crowd too closely, to mass too extensively in successive displays that outdazzle a horticultural exhibition. Fortunately, many Vancouverites embrace the temptation. They abandon themselves to floral excess. As unabashed as the seraphim of Rubens, they live enveloped in radiant clouds that never perish.

While such lovers of opulence proceed with fanfare from one season to another, there is plenty of room for other gardeners with other predilections.

Overlooking the blue Strait of Juan de Fuca there is space for a grey slope of rock whose dim mass and antique texture are set in the enamel and filigree of choicest planting. Each tree and shrub, each plant and flower is a gem; each grouping is an exquisite design. The delicate setting, wrought with infinite labour, enhances but does not conceal the matrix, whose cleft pattern is indicated by skillful accents. That pattern is apparently informal, but such in-

formality is the reverse of wildness. Colour is permitted only sparingly, and its size and form is regulated in relation to the whole.

Here are tiny azaleas and rhododendrons with two-inch blooms. Here are miniature bulbs bearing flowers no larger than a fingernail. Every month of the year there are heathers, with small, softly muted tints, and the tiny stars of the saxifrages. At chosen intervals the subtle mosaic mural is picked out by golden or white or violet flash of bloom.

Such special flowers demand special shrubs and trees, which must be heavily pruned to keep them in scale and trained to the desired shape and angle. Artfully the gardener has persuaded a weeping spruce to lie along the edge of a slope and droop over it; delicately has she brought from the mountains a two-inch juniper, planted it in a crevice with a thimbleful of sand and a trickle of water; watchfully has she pruned it and picked off its seeds and measured its nourishment so that now at the predetermined spot there stands a rugged and mature juniper tree, fifteen inches high, precisely and perfectly right in size and character for the precise and perfect position.

Strength may wield the pond'rous spade,
May turn the clod, and wheel the compost home;
But elegance, chief grace the garden shows,
And most attractive, is the fair result
Of thought, the creature of a polish'd mind.

There is plenty of room around Victoria for any kind of garden—for the airy masses on the hilltop like a multitudinous choir singing Jubilate; for the grey-filigreed rock holding its jewels to the sea.

And for another garden sloping to the harbour's edge and pencilled with shadows of tall trees—

Where I would wander if I might
From dewy morn to dewy night
And have one with me wandering.

Hung with the woven garlands of repose, it is a room whose floor is grass, whose walls are trees, and whose window is the harbour. Mellowed by years and use, summer-house, teahouse, bowling green, and grassed badminton courts, the ancient jars holding ancient fuchsia trees dripping with the Shakespearian blooms of purple and red, have been composed only to accompany the melody of friendship and leisure. Even when it is quiet under the arbours, one senses the laughter and movement that have merged into its vibrations. Even when within it no birds sing and the apple boughs are bare of fruit and bloom, one thinks of spacious summer days, of tranquil nights in spring—

Of groups under the dreaming garden trees
And the full moon and the white evening star.

There are still other gardens in Victoria which would have won the approval of Sir Francis Bacon, who delighted

in herbs and enjoined everyone "to set whole alleys of them to have the pleasure when you walk or tread." Some of these are not primarily for such aesthetic gratification but are for medicinal use, since it has not been forgotten that the first trader sought not only fur but ginseng, and that the London market needs digitalis. Half a hundred different herbs are easily raised, and the Post War Habilitation Council is studying their cultivation—a study including the valuable cascara tree which grows more freely in Victoria and in the neighbouring mainland than anywhere else in the British Empire.

Gardens, gardens everywhere. One city street is splashed with florist shops. Another is sweet with the scent of dried lavender and freshly baked bread. A third is the home of a seed shop, which tourists are inclined to regard with cynicism. They do not intend to be bilked by pictures of chimney campanula the hue of heaven and approximating it in height, and of passionflowers glistening like the moon. Well they know that nurserymen are shameless photographic deceivers and past masters of imaginative literature. But those who abjure cynicism for faith will find that here the tribe of Munchausen is redeemed.

Neither is such agreeable astonishment confined to strangers. Not long ago a Vancouverite wrote to a London seed house ordering their very best sweet peas. She found a notice in the packet she received saying these were their very best; they had been raised on Vancouver Island.

CHAPTER VI

Many Cargoes

IN THE DAYS before the war, when one of the great, gleaming Empress ships came into the harbour at Victoria or Vancouver, either going to or returning from the Orient, there was a pleasurable excitement along the water front. Today, when a grey warship slips in, everyone observes it thoughtfully, reflecting on its significance. Such spectacular vessels have always—and quite rightly—created something of a sensation by their presence.

But there is another kind of craft which has been part of the seascape for so many years, and which is so usual, so numerous, so inconspicuous, that most people hardly glance at it. The small and sturdy tugboats which are busily chugging up and down the coast, into fiords, into harbours, up to sawmills, represent one of the liveliest and one of the most important aspects of the sea-borne traffic of British Columbia.

To see a masterful, tiny tug plugging along, towing behind it a boom of five, six, seven, or even twelve or fifteen acres, is to see a fraction of an activity which in a year moves so many logs that if they were put end to end they would extend for more than five thousand miles. A single tug can tow—without a protest—a Davis raft which carries two and one half million board feet of lumber. In its unassuming diligence, in the incongruity of its size to its load, it reminds one of the diminutive donkey so often seen pushing bravely down a road in Portugal or Peru, carrying a man and child, a basket of vegetables, a jug of water, and a bundle of hay.

The chief work of this fleet is with lumber, and this has been true since the earliest days, when that fleet consisted of only a few tugs, all owned by sawmill companies. They not only burned wood—which they frequently had to cut en route—but they were made of wood. One of them which was built in 1889 is still doing good work, which gives an idea of the durability of Douglas fir.

Most of the present tugs are made in Vancouver with machinery from Scotland or the United States, and they have undergone many improvements since the wood-burning days.

For coal followed wood as a fuel, and oil followed coal, and now Diesel engines are in most of the fleet—difficult as it was in 1923 to persuade the loggers that an internal-

combustion engine wouldn't break down when it had a great boom in tow.

Nowadays the reputable companies provide electric lights, Frigidaires, oil stoves, clean linen, comfortable berths, and good food for the eight men who make up the average crew. The pay is excellent, with the captain getting $220 a month with everything provided except clothes and tobacco, and even an unskilled deck hand getting eighty dollars. Like all things connected with the sea, tugboats have their own traditions. Thus in the twelve-month season everyone gets the equivalent of a holiday one day in seven. These holidays may be accumulated, and, rain or shine, logs or no logs, it is an unwritten law that all boats come home for Christmas.

The average person, glancing at these industrious craft, each one bringing in safely its extended and cumbersome boom, may not have thought very much about the health and comfort of the men who live upon them.

Originally there was no way for them to communicate with their home office except by letter, and mail was so slow and uncertain in sparsely settled regions that the tugs were more or less left alone until they came home, wagging their booms behind them.

When the little *Comox* in 1890 began to carry mail up and down the coast once a week, that was hailed as a marvellous convenience.

There was a celebration when, in 1908, the Govern-

ment strung up a telegraph line on trees and along the beach as far as Lund. To be sure, if a windstorm blew it down, as it frequently did, there was plenty of delay before the accident could be reported or repaired. But at any rate it was an improvement over the once-a-week letter.

Then came ship-to-shore radios, and ten tugboats were equipped with sets—the first in the world to have such service. Finally, in 1937 telephone communication was established, so that now the home office and its boats, any hour in the twenty-four, can speak directly to one another.

A tidy tugboat proceeding methodically along the sea lanes may seem a prosaic kind of craft compared to a transpacific liner or a warship. But it is bringing from the forest to the mill its share of the yearly two and one half billion feet of lumber that go into Canada's greatest industry. It is contributing annually to the many millions of dollars that support merchants, machine shops, dry docks, etc.

In the early days an export cargo of four hundred thousand feet of lumber was considered enormous. If a mill manager had been asked to supply a cargo of a million feet he would have had nervous prostration. Today the situation is reversed, and it is difficult to persuade a vessel to come in for a small jag of lumber.

A Diesel engine and electric lights and a telephone make life quite a different story for the crew than it was in the wood-burning, oil-lantern days, with a letter once a week

and a telephone wire blown off the tree it had been tacked to.

So efficient, so powerful, and so numerous are the tugs that one is tempted to wistful wishing that the whole fleet might be sent forth to tow the British Isles across the Atlantic and let them come to peaceful anchorage on the shores of Canada.

If the layman rarely pauses to consider the valuable and picturesque task of the tugboat, even more rarely does he note the *Salvage Queen*—the principal vessel of a company engaged in one of the most daring, unpredictable, and exciting businesses connected with the sea.

The office of the Pacific Salvage Company on the water front at Victoria is so small and quiet that it is difficult to believe that from it stream forth such adventurers of rescue, such financial remuneration, such instant response to near and distant disasters that the history it has made and is making is a whirligig of bravery and imagination. Like a fire engine, the salvage vessel is always steamed up, ready, at a moment's notice, to set forth through snowstorms, icy winds, fogs, or crashing storms to any point on the Pacific coast.

Every call for help produces a certain excitement and presents special problems. But some of the rescues have been unique in the annals of salvage.

Such a rescue was that of the *Prince Rupert,* a Canadian government steamer which struck a rock in Swanson Bay

and sank almost immediately, taking on a list of sixty degrees. Since she went down in seventy feet of water, only the tips of her funnels were visible when the salvage party arrived. There she lay on her side, and after two fourteen-hundred-ton barges and two sixteen-inch cables had brought her to an even keel she was still submerged.

To raise her was a poser—and it was solved with ingenuity and skill. An immense cofferdam, 125 feet long, 42 feet wide, and 70 feet high, made of 8-by-10 timbers and covered with canvas, was built and attached to the sunken steamer. The holes in the sides of the ship were closed, and the water was then pumped out of the cofferdam. On a December night, with the snow falling and the pumps of the rescue ship roaring, the *Prince Rupert* rose to the surface. The cofferdam was removed, and the salvaged vessel reached port under its own steam!

Another famous achievement was with the *Sesostris*, a German freighter. She was riding at anchor near Ocos, on the west coast of Guatemala, when a tidal wave parted her anchor chains and washed her ashore. The owners sold her to a Mexican as a useless wreck, and this enterprising fellow provided the town with electricity from her dynamo. Some years later an earthquake wiped out the town and advanced the shore line so much further seaward that the *Sesostris* became entirely landlocked and resigned herself by settling down in a bed of sand that reached her water line. Some natives took her over, made themselves

snug living quarters in her salons and cabins, and opened a dance pavilion on her deck. She stayed there for fifteen years, and grass and shrubs grew around her as around a building. No ship, no company—nothing could budge her.

Then the Pacific Salvage Company took her over. They dredged around her until she was floating in a sort of lake. Then they began edging her toward the sea.

This did not please the natives who had been making an excellent living and having a high old time out of her and upon her and in her. First they protested and then they fought. Suddenly a tidal wave, similar to the one that had beached her fifteen years before, lifted her up and took her out to sea, and her erstwhile hosts were left with only a hole in the sand to remind them of their profitable visitor.

If the *Sesostris* had to wait for years before she was salvaged, the *Feltre*, an Italian motor ship which collided with a steamer in the Columbia River at Portland, Oregon, could not wait a minute. Unless she could be raised in twenty-one days, the spring freshets would lift the river above her main deck—which would increase the time and difficulty and cost of salvage to staggering proportions.

The *Feltre* was five hundred feet long, and she sank with a gash two hundred and forty feet long and five to fifteen feet wide between her foremast and her mainmast. Here again a cofferdam was erected—this one across her stern, her head being downriver, in order to keep the sand

from upriver from piling against the work. Then a two-thousand-foot power line was brought from the shore to the ship. In a muddy river like the Columbia the work below the water presented unusual difficulties. Submarine lights were useless. The divers had to do everything by feeling. They had to cut away the two-hundred-foot strip of iron sticking out from the side, and remove the ragged rim left along the bottom. This was done with dynamite, and the hole was then patched with heavy timber. Each patch was thirty-five feet long and twenty feet wide, and there were twelve of them. These were bolted to the rail after they had been submerged with heavy anchor weights and pulled into place by wires fastened to their bottom ends and running through fair-leads at the bilge keel and thence to the deck, from where the pulling was done. When the twelve patches were secured in place they had to be heavily timbered from the outside to hold them in position.

All of this—fitting the patches, "shooting" the steel plates, preparing the fair-leads—had to be done by men who could not even see their rubber-gloved hands in front of their helmets. However, they did it. Seventeen pumps were rigged on the deck, and in precisely twenty days the *Feltre*, with its heavy cargo of silver and copper, was raised from the bottom of the river.

Not all salvaging is connected with raising sunken vessels. Boats get stuck in the mud, stuck on rocks, stranded

on reefs, collide in fogs; seventy-mile gales carry away their rigging.

But the Pacific Salvage Company is apparently willing to tackle anything. It once towed a disabled nine-thousand-ton freighter from Dutch Harbor, Alaska, to Osaka, Japan.

It was a year of exceptional gales and bad weather. The wind reached a velocity of eighty miles an hour, and the seas ran forty feet high. The unwieldy freighter, with her steering gear out of commission, swerved and listed, and time and time again entirely disappeared behind the raging crests. It took the S.S. *Havilah* two months to get across the Pacific—and this is considered one of the most remarkable towing feats ever accomplished.

Newspaper clippings and photographs recording such stories fill many scrapbooks in the office of the Pacific Salvage Company. But few of them tell about the financial structure and customs of the company, which are quite as adventurous as the actual salvage operations. For the company works on the policy of "No cure, no pay."

A ship runs aground or meets with some disaster, and the company dashes to its rescue. It takes no money; it signs no contract. It uses its own funds and takes a chance on the job. After it has salvaged a vessel, the company sends a report to its insurance company in London, listing its operations and expenses—which, of course, include pay roll, workmen's compensation, etc. If a vessel worth a million dollars is salvaged, and the cost of the repairs—after salvag-

ing—is estimated at $350,000, that leaves a value of $650,-000. Out of this the insurance will pay the Pacific Salvage Company its bill. This has been the procedure for so many years that communications between London and Victoria are reduced to the briefest minimum. The cable from London is usually "Re: S. S. Blank: you have been awarded so many thousands. If this is satisfactory advise, and cheque will be forwarded." The amount is always satisfactory, and the cheque is always forwarded—a system amazing to every other salvage company in the world.

To be sure, the London company sometimes receives singular lists of expenses. This was the case when the Pacific Salvage Company, working near a whaler, lost a vast quantity of oil. There were twelve whales afloat near the other ship, waiting to be reduced, and the whaler claimed that the oil had got on them and would have to be got off. The salvage company agreed to pay for this, and the whaler sent men with scrubbing brushes to clean the floating leviathans. The bill was modest; it merely said: "For washing and scrubbing twelve whales @ $25.00 per whale . . . $300." The salvage company paid the bill and included it with its expense account to London—where it caused such entertainment that it was framed and hung upon the wall in the main office.

Although the Pacific Salvage Company prefers to do its business on a "no cure, no pay" basis, the arrangement has its moments of anxiety. In 1938, a Panama freighter named

the *Beulah* sank off Ogden Point Piers. The Pacific Salvage Company raised her, and she sank again. They raised her a second time, and she sank a third time. Now the newspapermen began to have their fun. The Pacific Salvage Company was obstinate; the *Beulah* was temperamental. She was raised for the third time, and she rolled over for the fourth time. The fourth time she was raised she sulkily consented to stay afloat. But the owners were sick of *Beulah*. They decided she was no good and handed her over to the Pacific Salvage Company—which repaired her. The war came. Any kind of boat was pressed into service. The *Beulah* made two trips to China loaded with dynamite. Since dynamite is a dangerous cargo, she made good money for her owners. But this was not the end. She was sold in China for a cracking good price, and the Pacific Salvage Company—as usual—was on the credit side of the ledger.

All in all, from the small, neat offices of the Pacific Salvage Company in Victoria come more good stories than have ever yet been recorded. Sometimes eighteen months will go by with never a call for help. Then SOS's pile in from all directions. Off go the salvage boats, with all their gear and pumps and material for patching, their divers and dynamite. Every sunk or stranded or rammed vessel presents its own special problem, and the men work like mad —forty-eight hours on a stretch in the exciting and hazardous job. The frenzy possesses them so completely that

nothing exists for them except that particular task, which must usually be performed against time and tide, with devilfish and sharks harrying the divers on the ocean floor as they give their orders by means of telephones wired directly from their helmets to receivers attached to the heads of the storm-soaked and wind-lashed assistants on the barge above.

The salvaging ships of the company are tough and resourceful and are manœuvred by men who know their jobs. But there was one vessel which was so powerful and so speedy that it was known and honoured all over the world, just as a champion race horse is known throughout the stables and race tracks of a continent.

The *Salvage King* had a three-thousand-horsepower engine and a cruising radius of 15,000 miles. She had accommodations for sixty men and for all the necessary salvage gear—rock-drilling air machines and tools, radio direction finder, portable pumps, steam- and gas-driven pumps with a total capacity of more than a hundred tons a minute, automatic towing engines holding two thousand feet of two and one-eighth inch diameter steel hawsers. There was a special decompression chamber for divers with the bends; air compressor and air tools for divers; complete machine shop and carpenter shop; an evaporator and a distiller for making fresh water with a daily capacity of twenty-four tons; a wireless and radio telephone equipment to communicate with any telephone in the world

that could be connected with the British Columbia Telephone system, and also portable radio telephone sets which could be carried by hand to the wrecked or towed vessel giving direct communication with the *Salvage King*. This superb vessel was built in 1925 and was taken by the Admiralty for war use. On September 12, 1940, she had her bottom torn out while salvaging a vessel on the English coast.

She was sincerely regretted by the entire seafaring world, but for the Pacific Salvage Company her end was more than the mere loss of a ship. The *Salvage King* was its pride, its pet, its glory.

Photographs of her, portraits of her, drawings of her, adorn the walls of the office in Victoria. The name *Salvage King* is mentioned with a sigh. The sigh is so heartfelt that one suspects that, despite its reckless buffeting with danger at sea and its hilarious gamble with finances ashore, the Pacific Salvage Company has the temperament of all sailors and is secretly sentimental.

There is another craft whose home port is Victoria—a motorship which, wherever it journeys, is sure of an eager welcome by settlers or farmers on lonely islands, by loggers in their camps, by fishermen far from shore. It carries quite different equipment than a tug or a salvage boat. It carries hospital supplies, a circulating library, the Communion service, the candles, the white linen and embroidered altar cloth of a chapel.

Vancouver City Coll. Lib.

It is named *John Antle* for the clergyman who, in 1905, founded the Columbia Coast Mission, in which the ship is a moving church, and the skipper is the chaplain.

No matter how far north on the British Columbia coast one travels, no matter what the season or the weather, you may see the *John Antle* or the *Columbia* or the auxiliary mission ship ploughing over the water or tied up alongside some isolated landing or floating raft settlement. In their tiny cabins marriages, christenings, and burials are solemnized, wounds cauterized, medicines and bandages handed out, books and magazines distributed. Onto their decks crowd loggers in heavy boots, women in aprons, babies and children. They come to consult the doctor, to ask the chaplain if he will marry or bury one of their number; or, if there is no such immediate necessity, to urge skipper and doctor, cook and engineer to come ashore and join in a dance or share a meal.

The ships listen five times a day to the radio to learn from government stations where they are needed. They pick up sick and injured men on isolated homesteads or on little fishing boats and carry them to one of their three hospitals. There is nothing unduly sanctimonious about these hospital mission ships. People come aboard to sing as well as to pray; to see moving pictures as well as to listen to the services. A wedding may be a hilarious affair, with a dinghy bringing the wedding party from shore, and the bride changing her hobnailed boots for satin slippers be-

fore she is hoisted up on board. A tiny portable organ set up on deck squeezes out the wedding march, and the chaplain-skipper in his robes performs the ceremony with reverence. Then everyone troops back to shore or to one of the raft-houses where a bride has been known to cut the wedding cake with a double-bitted axe and with such vigour that it smashed the plate and left a dint in the table.

The *John Antle* and the *Columbia* and the mission hospitals at Garden Bay, Rock Bay, and Alert Bay are supported by the Church of England in Canada. But there are two other denominations which also maintain their missions on this coast: the United Church of Canada, further north, and the Roman Catholic Church, with her "peregrinating priests" and Lourdes Hospital at Campbell River on Vancouver Island.

The Dominion Government has encouraged all three, stipulating only that their fields, while they may interlock, shall not overlap lest they interfere with one another's work.

The Roman Catholic missions are chiefly concerned with the Indians on the lower one hundred miles of coast line, the Coast Mission chiefly with the men and their families in logging camps and in settlements. Under the supervision of the Bishop of Caledonia at Prince Rupert, the Caledonia Coast Mission supports two boats which visit mining camps and fishing villages, lumber camps and canning factories, lighthouse families, and isolated groups

of whites and Indians living in the more remote regions, whose only means of communication with the world is by boat. The *Northern Cross* and the *Western Hope* have no doctors aboard, but they serve as ambulances to bring the sick and injured to Prince Rupert.

Anyone passing up the British Columbia coast on the way to Alaska may see one or more of these mission craft, and when they go ashore on the mainland or on Vancouver Island they may see a church or a chapel or a hospital maintained by one of the three denominations.

But passengers en route to Alaska do not see those settlements which are unique on this coast: settlements where homes, gardens, sidewalks—whole communities, in fact—are built on rafts.

Although such a floating habitation is occasionally built or occupied by someone who prefers it to a more permanently rooted dwelling, it is chiefly the loggers and their families who live in them for the very practical reason that they can be moved easily from one place to another as a region is logged off.

Some of these houses are astonishingly comfortable and complete, with carpets on the floor, a piano, a fireplace, a bathroom. Children who may never in their lives have stepped upon dry land go to the schoolhouse, which is on a float. Their playground is an immense raft, like a wooden-floored tennis court, with fish nets serving as fences to keep the basketball or badminton shuttlecocks from get-

ting lost in the water. Board sidewalks connect the floats, and many a woman has contrived a chicken run or a rabbit pen and succeeded in embowering her dwelling not only in window boxes and in shrubs and trees in pots and tubs, but with actual flower and vegetable plots, for which the soil has been brought from shore.

When a steamer ties up near such a settlement everyone flocks down to it to get mail and freight, provisions and gossip. A mission ship is even more welcome.

The priests and chaplains and ministers, who hold their services on boats, in churches and chapels, in the net lofts of canneries, on beaches with the forest behind and the sea before them, refuse to be considered heroic.

They see the colour of the varied scene and feel the wildness of the environment, and appreciate the pathos, the rollicking humour, the elemental reality of the life around them. But they associate these things not with themselves but with the people—the friendly, grateful, hospitable people whom they know and like, and who know and like them.

They insist that their work is no more arduous than that of a forest ranger. They point out that in rural districts the county parson makes his visit by car. They travel by boat because they must, since their only highway is the sea.

Perhaps the parson will soon be back on horseback, and the mission motorboats will have to hoist sails. But in any case, the skipper-chaplain will get to his charges somehow.

For he knows that they are looking for him from islands, from camps, from farms and scattered settlements, and from houses built on rafts, where children in life preservers instead of rompers will wave to him from their playground protected by fences of fish net.

PART III

Vancouver and Victoria Tomorrow

Vancouver and Victoria

CHAPTER I

Vancouver and Victoria

THE BOAT which brought us from Vancouver to Victoria may or may not be the one which is to take us back. But in any case, the inner harbour which we saw on arrival, with its edge set with the cunningly fitted docks and piers, with its backdrop of handsome buildings and distant mountains, will be the same which we see on departure. The same, but how different, now that we regard it not with the critical scrutiny of a new acquaintance, but with the affection of a friend saying farewell.

As our eyes rest for the last time on the Empress, it becomes three-dimensional, and the pleasant chambers and wide halls, the many-windowed dining room with its array of portraits, the conservatory like an opened floral jewel case, appear behind the ivy-mantled walls. The brightly bordered front lawn becomes part of the garden beds and rose-covered pergolas in the rear; part of the Crystal Gar-

dens with the laughter and shouting of its bathers, and of the bowling green with its group of leisurely players.

Although only the dome of the Parliament Buildings is visible from the receding deck, we seem able to distinguish the features of the statue upon its apex as those of Captain George Vancouver. Before our imaginative eye the walls of the east wing fold back, like the walls of a doll's house, to reveal the multitudinous treasures of the Provincial Museum—the plants and flowers, the birds and fish and animals of Vancouver Island and of British Columbia; the Indian totem poles, and the black, polished stone carvings of the Haida. The closed central portal mysteriously swings open, and at last even we, although we are not representatives of the Crown, can gaze straight into the domed entrance hall.

That modest, low, frame building, which we hardly noticed when we came in, now assumes remarkable proportions. For it is nothing less than the office of the Pacific Salvage Company, from which doughty deeds stream in a living network from Alaska to Panama. Where we once merely glanced at a wooded shore in Esquimalt, we now contemplate a dreaming garden with its tall fuchsia trees, its courts and arbours hung with the woven garlands of repose.

Often from the Empress windows we have looked out over the roofs of buildings and the masts of boats dissolving in the sunset like a fanciful and softly tinted Max-

field Parrish. Now we are part of that dissolving picture; our boat is one of the fading vessels.

Slowly we pass a crowd of small boats drawn up in the cove. We float by the cranes and scaffolding of the shipbuilding yard where once nobody worked very hard at any time, and from where now, even on Sundays, there comes the sound of riveting and the clang of hammering to remind us that Victoria is not just the Resort Perfect, but an important member of Canada's shipbuilding program.

We peer beyond the skeleton of the vessel that is materializing into the faces of the daisies and thistles and burdocks in the surrounding fields, creeping close to the piles of lumber and stacks of steel, to beguile them back from this new busyness to the old ways of leisure.

We pass the grain elevator and the cold-storage plant as we passed them before, but now our vision penetrates more intimately, and we also recognize the little houses where potato patches have taken the place of front lawns. We smell the lavender and wallflowers by cottage doors. We survey the tanks and trucks parked along a shady roadside, while their young khaki-clad occupants sprawl on their stomachs playing cards during their recess. We envisage the boardwalks and sandy footpaths, and the wide curve of the Marine Drive and the Chinese Cemetery on the hillside where the bones of the faithful await their ultimate removal to the burial grounds of their ancestors.

We are not near the shore, but so closely has it been photographed on our memory, we are sure we can detect a certain grey-jewelled rock enamelled with infinitesimal blooms, filigreed in tiny dwarfed trees. On yonder hilltop there shines a garden like a sunrise, whose radiance is formed not of clouds but of flowers.

The roofs of the houses along the Marine Drive are no longer merely roofs. We watch the fires burning on hospitable hearths and glinting on the backs of old leather-bound books, and on the tea table with its white cloth and its plates piled with scones and blackberry shortcake. Across the widening water we hear low voices chatting together about the latest news from home, which is England. We look again into faces which are the faces of friends.

Yes, it all appears quite different than it did when we approached it unknowing and unknown. This narrow strait, broken by the islands of Juan de Fuca, Orcas, and Lopez, with Mount Baker lifting its snows far behind them, we now realize is one of the most significant international boundaries in the world. Victoria, the older sister of Vancouver, we now acknowledge a perpetual hostess, charming but conservative to the Americans who, despite travel restrictions, still come to visit her. But she does not forget—nor let us forget—that she is the daughter of a mother on the other side of the world.

Strain our eyes as we will, the shore line grows fainter.

By and by there is nothing left except the images, invisible and indelible, existing in memory.

Again the intricate passageway between islands and islets. Again the brown booms of logs which grew as trees during one century after another on the mountain slopes of Vancouver Island. Again the sturdy tugs doing their manful and indispensable tasks. Again the white ferryboats plying between the island and the mainland. Again and forever the snow-topped peaks rising from the country across the border.

As we approach Vancouver, Point Grey rises abruptly from the Strait of Georgia, between English Bay and the Fraser River—just as it rose when Don José María Narváez came sailing towards it in the *Santa Saturnina*, the little schooner that seemed so vast to the Indians that they thought it must be an island broken away from its ocean bed, with tall, dead trees rising from it.

That was in 1791.

Narváez turned back without entering the inner harbour, but he was the first European to view what is now Point Grey, and his map indicates four houses on what is Jericho Point.

Although it is growing dusk we, too, can make out the dim silhouette of roofs and walls upon Point Grey. And, just as the lens of remembrance magnified a hundred details as we left Victoria, now through that same lens the University of British Columbia becomes manifest, in its

physical and historical structure, and in its significant position, at the very gateway of the city.

The idea that British Columbia should have a university of its own was first officially recognized in 1877, and John Jessop, the provincial superintendent of education, emphasized this necessity in his annual report. Considering the small population at that time, it is not surprising that the report met with no response until 1890, when the legislature passed a university act. Again there was no response. And then, in 1907, an act was passed endowing the university with two million acres of crown lands. The following year the University Act was passed, and the University of British Columbia was established.

The Government thereupon appointed a commission which spent the summer touring the province for a suitable site. Their recommendation of Point Grey could hardly have been bettered.

This spectacular eminence is only six miles from the city and yet is apart from its congestion. The sea washes in below the high cliffs, and the mountains line the horizon to the north, across English Bay and Burrard Inlet. It looks down upon one of the great waterways of the world, and during the fishing season the lights of hundreds of small boats twinkle like stars out in the Gulf of Georgia.

The site being chosen, plans were drawn up. A chancellor, senate, and president were chosen, and in 1914 work was begun on the Science Building. The first World War

put an abrupt stop to all such construction. The university opened in some wooden buildings on the property of the Vancouver General Hospital—buildings which had been used by McGill College University. There the University of British Columbia struggled to a start with a small budget, a nucleus of a staff, and a student body depleted of men by the demands of war. The library was in a hospital building, and some of the lectures were given in near-by churches.

In 1920 the two million acres which had been granted as an endowment were surrendered by the university in exchange for a tract of about three thousand acres immediately adjoining the site and lying between it and the city of Vancouver. Three years later the cornerstone of the Science Building was laid by the Minister of Education, and the Provincial Government resumed its building program.

In October 1925 the university was opened, and by 1930 its enrolment had passed the two-thousand mark.

If this date seems recent in comparison to Eastern universities, to many students the campus and buildings already, in this equable climate, softened by vines and shrubs, doubtless seem as venerable as those of Oxford and Cambridge.

There is the Library—Canada's only university library building west of Ontario—at the head of the Arts Quadrangle. Of British Columbian granite, in late Tudor style, with exposed trusses supporting the lofty roof of the con-

course, with interior walls of Caen stone, with woodwork of oak and Gothic windows of pale, amber-coloured glass; with its various reading rooms, and half a hundred carrells, and its seven-tiered stack room extending across the entire rear, it is modern, spacious, well equipped, and very handsome.

There is the Science Building, forming one side of the Science Quadrangle, built of the same massive and appropriate material and in the same architectural tradition as the Library.

There is the Power House, in the center of the space which has been set aside to be the Engineering Quadrangle, and which will be masked, ultimately, by the permanent Engineering Buildings extending eastward to the Mall.

These three are the only permanent buildings on the campus—the others being semipermanent, with an expectation of use of forty years.

It is suitable that the Library and Science buildings should be the first to be durably embodied, for in its academic standards, as in its architecture, the university follows tradition and has plans for the establishment of future faculties—or colleges—of Law and Medicine.

Like most modern universities on the North American continent, this one offers the usual classical and scientific courses, and through its Extension Department it provides short sessions and summer courses to the public. But, unlike many other universities, it has, besides its faculty of

Arts and Sciences, two others: those of Applied Science and of Agriculture.

For the former, the location of the university is exceptionally advantageous. It is near the mountains and sea, the rivers and forests, with all that these imply in both pure and applied science. It is also within a few hours of smelters, coal mines, logging camps, sawmills, pulp and paper mills, hydroelectric installations, some of the largest metal mines, and one of the largest ore-producing plants in the British Empire. In the city of Vancouver students of engineering have access to many industrial plants.

The courses in agriculture are equally fortunate.

There are not only buildings to accommodate the departments of Agriculture, Horticulture, and Agronomy; there are not only dairy barns, horse barns, beef barns, piggery and poultry plant, but there is sufficient space for such courses to be studied out of doors as well as in classrooms. Out of its 548 acres, about one half has been set aside for the campus, and the other half is divided among the gardens, farmlands, and forest reserve.

The Department of Horticulture has twelve acres of field planting, comprising the more important varieties of tree fruits, small fruits, vegetables, and ornamental trees, shrubs, and flowers. Here students get practical experience in propagation, planting, pruning, and general care of horticultural crops, besides training in greenhouse management. The outdoor laboratory of the Agronomy Depart-

ment is in its fields, where plants from all over the world are collected, tested, and bred, and where work on soils and soil erosion is studied.

There is plenty of room for the Department of Animal Husbandry to maintain its horses, cows, sheep, and pigs, to learn practical farm management, stock management, and breeding.

In the laboratories of the Department of Dairying research is conducted on the bacterial flora of milk, butter, and cheese. In the poultry laboratory there are facilities and equipment for the study of poultry nutrition, diseases, etc. Experiments in managing and marketing are conducted, and an economic study of the business and management of one hundred poultry farms in the province supplements the work.

The same thoroughness and similar opportunities for practical training are available for students of applied science: for the future geologists, civil engineers, zoologists, botanists, and foresters.

Besides the University of British Columbia, there are on the campus two theological colleges—one of the Anglican and one of the United Church of Canada. Victoria College is also affiliated with the university, although located in Victoria.

British Columbia is a young country. It needs engineers and agronomists, foresters and dairymen, mineralogists and petrographers, both to practise and to teach. It is well that

the university, while maintaining its classical faculties, has recognized these immediate needs.

The university is young. It is the keystone of an educational system whose span is indicated by the fact that, although today in Vancouver there are approximately 40,000 school children, there still lives in the city one who was a pupil in the first class of the first school with its single teacher.

Vancouver is a young city. It is conscious of its material opportunities and its industrial and economic future.

But it is also an aspiring city. It aspires to be a centre of culture as well as of commerce, and toward that end it has built a quite exquisite Art Museum.

Although a survey of the libraries, bookstores, and publishing houses does not suggest that Vancouverites are enthusiastic buyers, readers, or writers of books, and although the theatre has not yet come into its own, music is generally enjoyed and supported. Without waiting for their great composer to appear, people go in large numbers to concerts of all kinds, and they take pride in the fact that some of Britain's distinguished musicians—including Sir Thomas Beecham—have chosen to live among them.

The painters and poets are too few and too slight to be more than forerunners of that possible day when native artists will discover and express those values and beauties which lead us "to believe that there is something really great and excellent in the world, surviving all the shocks

of accident and fluctuations of opinion . . . which gives immortality to human thoughts and actions, and catches the flame of enthusiasm from all nations and ages."

The university, upon its splendid eminence and at the entrance to the city, is a symbol of those values and a promise of that day.

Such thoughts must occur to the traveller as he passes Point Grey and slowly approaches the same mountains and the same water that Captain George Vancouver saw a hundred and fifty years ago. Impossible for that explorer, with all his astuteness, to have imagined the bridges and buildings, the people, the highways, the docks and vessels which have materialized upon this once wild scene. Impossible for us to imagine what other eyes will gaze upon it a hundred and fifty years hence.

Now higher buildings begin to lift against the sky, and wider and closer set avenues criss-cross the hillsides. The past and future shift and merge. As the university is as impressive for what it will be as for what it already is, so do these crowding ships and skyscrapers not only embody the present but indicate the future.

As our boat draws near the port we feel the pulse of that vitality which is characteristic of youth.

If Victoria is England's conservative older daughter, Vancouver is its bold younger son, quivering between adolescence and maturity, attracting by the very fact of youth the perpetuating life forces. Those forces stream

not from the ancestral country but from British Columbia.

For hundreds of miles to the north and east stretches the hinterland of the province, with its mines and mountains, its forests and flocks and herds. For hundreds of miles along the coast the ocean is argent with fish and vivified by the movement of the winds and the currents.

Vancouver is a tiny phenomenon upon the immensity of this scene. It has subjected certain areas to its uses. How much is untouched is suggested by those mountains which no foot has ever scaled; those inlets whose waters have never been charted.

Paralleling these physical immensities are the spiritual ones, awaiting their explorers and interpreters.

Dusk softens the newness of Vancouver as we approach it now. This most masculine of cities looks tender in the evening light, its virile slopes flushed, its strong peaks softened. Mighty clouds filled with light lean over it. That light is reflected upon the water which stretches to the arctic, to the antarctic, to the Orient, to all the highways of the world.

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